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## A VISIT TO THE INDIAN PASS.

OUR talkative, good-natured, clever guide, Tony Schneider, pulled the skiff leisurely across Lake Henderson, a most picturesque sheet of water, to the outlet of the streamlet that tumbles down from the 'Pass.' What a wayward, garrulous brooklet it is, up whose devious bed we are now to climb five toilsome up-hill miles! To look at its attenuated thread of water flashing in and out, under and behind the massy, stream-polished boulders; to see it capriciously dancing hither and thither, to elude instead of fairly breasting the stony troubles that beset its track, and when dodging opening no more loop-holes of escape; and at last the coy brook is fairly cornered by a jam of drift-wood; to see it stopping, setting backward, swelling with infantile impatience, and choking itself into little whirlpools of sheer vexation; all this fuss before it can muster itself to over-leap the petty obstacle; to see all this, one would hardly think it a brooklet of promise, or a credit to its fountain, and that it should be ashamed that it ever came out on its own responsibility from the cold jaws of the 'Pass.'

But to continue the metaphor: the tedious parching Summer has been an insidious enemy to the streamlet, and a month ago infused a 'dog-days' fever into its veins, that has sucked them well-nigh dry of blood. Yet its old manual sign is legibly scored hereabout: even upon those Titanic boulders that now sleep so inertly in its very path, and buffet it so contemptuously to-and-fro; traces written last spring, when, nourished by the generous rains and the mountain snows, in full-fed vigor it leaped down the glen, with an earth-shaking roar, and catching these same rocks, ground them, harshly complaining, one upon another, and in scorn spun them round and round, and twirled them fiercely down its tide, as things of little weight: also its sign is left away up the walls of the ravine, where the torrent reached out widely its strong arms, and seized the roots of aged trees, and having sported with them, cast them up in jams of splintered flood-wood, higher than we can reach.

While we pick our way up the channel, bestriding the streamlet now and then, let us respect its impoverished state for what it has been and will be again.

Tired out by climbing enormous rocks, and bruised by tearing through chaotic wind-falls of timber, the travellers finally attain the 'Indian Pass.'

It is impossible to convey by language a full conception of the tremendous scene that opened upon them. Still following the brook, the travellers crept timidly into the throat of the gorge. While they sat a moment, they were chilled and abashed by a dampness and darkness that filled the spot, and which no sun-beam ever strayed to light or warm, since the hour of the earthquake that ploughed this profound and appalling ruin. The air that sucked through the gorge as through a vast tunnel, was soaked with moisture, and its chilliness pierced to the bone.

The luxuriant moss, which cold, dampness, and darkness seemed to foster, trailed in pendent profusion from the stunted spruces around, and carpeted the wet rocks, and it, too, dripped clear, cold moisture.

After a half-hour's rest and silent wonder, the travellers crawled higher up the chasm, and took shelter under a mighty overhanging rock, which the guide said was called 'The Church.' Why, he did not know, unless from its stupendous size, which certainly was not inferior to that of the largest temple. Its projecting shelf was competent to shelter an ordinary audience. What a scene for worship! so close to the marks of JEHOVAH'S measureless force, and beneath His own grand unhewn temple! In such a spot, the soul could not but be weighed down by reverence.

The vast rock appeared totteringly poised, and it would seem that a few men, with levers, might topple it down, and send it grinding its way into the bed of the streamlet below. Yet there it had stood against storm and convulsion a myriad of years.

On the right-hand the mountain, seamed by many deep furrows, sloped upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. Its face bristled with stunted, unhealthy evergreens, which must find precarious hold and scanty feeding, in the thin, storm-bleached soil.

But on the opposite side of the ravine arose the most stupendous sight — a sheer precipice of granite, springing from the depth of the chasm, without a break or foot-hold of relief, more than a thousand feet into the upper air.

This tremendous bulwark, which even at noon shut out the sun, stretched along, varying in altitude, many rods. Its dizzy verge seemed to be hedged with scrubby bushes, but the apparent bushes were afterward found to be trees, some of them more than a foot in diameter.

The face of the precipice, half-way to the top, was seamed with a

couple of narrow rifts, wherein several dwarfed spruce saplings had caught a desperate foot-hold, and clung with tenacious grasp to their dizzy 'coign of vantage.'

Under the precipice were heaped, one upon another, many enormous detached rocks, all heavily draped with treacherous moss. The explorers, after slipping upon and falling through this deceitful carpet several times, learned to venture upon these boulders with caution. How damp, chilling, and dismal were the caverns beneath them! The travellers ventured into one of the largest two or three rods; but after stumbling in the darkness upon the sharp projections of rock, and slipping upon the old ice that abounded there, unthawed for ages, it may be, they were glad to emerge and draw breath in the open air.

After two hours of exploration, the travellers, wet and completely chilled, betook themselves a little way up the slope, over against the precipice, to 'The Church,' and in a few moments the guide had a fire blazing on its broad hearth. This monolithic temple lacked the useful adjunct of a chimney, and, in consequence, the whole party were at first half-stifled with smoke: but the fire, by-and-by, burned itself clear, and, on the whole, the massive edifice was found no despicable shelter.

As the shades of night began to fall, and wrap the awful spot in darker gloom, a weird solemnity pervaded the silent and stupendous scene. Night could add only a single shade to the eternal twilight of this profoundly riven gorge: for at bright noon-day, even, no sunshine penetrates to the base of the cliff; no bird's song echoes here; no wing flits in this stony solitude. The mist-freighted wind, sighing intermittently through the dank and drooping spray of spruce and poisonous hemlock, is the only voice of the spot. The guide says that the fearful, night-roaming panther chooses his lair in these cold caves and everlasting twilight; and fit, indeed, the spot seems for the haunt of that merciless denizen of the forest.

Meanwhile the fire became a bed of glowing coals, and the adventurers unlashd their knapsacks, spread an impromptu table, which, by the way, was a large flat stone, and enjoyed, with appetites keen as only wood-life can sharpen them, a brace of plump partridges which they had shot while coming up the glen. Afterward, genial comfort, pipes, and story-telling reigned. Let man, the enlightened, decry the solacing pipe, and banish from saloon and thronged street its sociable clouds; but man, the savage animal, in his barken camp, or sheltered by a stony cave, and alone in the night and the forest, knows and prizes too dearly the blessed 'nepenthe' of this sooty 'giver of gladness.' His pipe, his rifle, and his fire are his only companions. In these hours the guide was a mine of forest tales, for he had always

lived in the forest, and it had always yielded him a livelihood out of its wild, peril-earned wealth.

This night the camp-talk turned upon panthers. May be a boding, wakened by the savage surroundings of the cruel prowlers yet haunting their old caves, suggested the topic. The guide described the cry of the panther as a sound that could shake the stoutest heart: sometimes the piercing, rending yell of baffled rage, at others a prolonged, deceitful wail, as of a woman lost in the woods.

An adventure of Cheney, the fearless Nimrod of the Adirondacks, with one of these insidious, pitiless denizens of the forest, as related to the party by Tony, is worth repeating.

Many of the secluded lakes in this region are frequented by the otter. It is betimes a frolicsome creature, and it has a curious practice of 'sliding.' It choseth a steep declivity ending in the water, or upon the ice, and there they are wont, for hours together, to enjoy the diverting 'slides.'

Early one winter's morning Cheney visited a 'slide:' but lo! a stealthier hunter of the otter had anticipated him; for there, in the snow, was the broad track of a panther. The lesser game was instantly forgotten in the tingling excitement of a dangerous chase. At once he hurried back for his stout old hound, returned, and before noon was alone upon the track. The boldest hunter will own that there is more peril than pastime in this chase, for the alert foe is certain to very soon scent the pursuit, when it has a habit of taking to the trees, casting its trail, and waiting for its pursuer at vantage.

The panther's spring has become a proverb of quickness, and against its agile and wonderful strength, at close quarters, a weapon is of little avail. But this once its craft was opposed to a sagacity never hoodwinked, a vigilance never surprised. The hound was trained in many a chase, and as well aware as his master of the character of the foe before them. Cheney held his trusty coadjutor in check, keeping him steadily only a few rods in advance, never allowing him out of sight, and at a moderate pace pushed on.

Two or three hours of tardy, patient tracking wore on: not a bush, tree or rock escaped the hunter's jealous scrutiny. Yet he relied mainly upon the acute instinct of the dog to apprise him of the proximity of the panther; and the noble hound this day proved for the thousandth time that his master's trust was well placed: for behold! the sagacious animal began to test the laden air by prolonged sniffs, to hesitate with fore-foot lifted, to look backward and bespeak his master's attention with low whinings. These actions signalled the vicinity of the panther. Scenting its pursuers, the crafty animal had, as its habit is, stopped and taken cover. Now all the hunter's nerve

and circumspection were put to their keenest tension; a rod further, and he might be under the eye of the hidden panther, and instantly be faced by its overwhelming spring. Beside, the hunter being in motion and the foe in cover, the latter possessed a dangerous advantage in point of discovery.

The aching suspense of such a moment must have been almost intolerable. At this moment a timid hunter would have given his ear to the suggestions of prudence, or of that fear which sometimes bears such name, and quietly 'backed out.' As for Cheney, this harrowing suspense only strung to sharper tension nerves of tried steel.

Always keeping in the shelter of a tree, he crept on a few rods further. By this time the hound, with back bristling and uttering low moans, came back to his master's feet; no urging could force him to move on a single foot without his master. Cheney was sure that at that instant he could not be a dozen rods from the panther: indeed, he was certain that the crowded jam of hemlocks just before him was the cover. The hunter felt that at that instant the ferocious beast was only waiting to catch him clear from the shelter of the protecting tree to make a spring. The hunter held himself sheltered behind his strong-hold, an enormous hemlock, and coolly made ready for the final scene of the lonely but terribly exciting drama. He planted his hatchet in the snow, freshly capped his weapon, and got a second charge of powder and lead ready to hand. Now, all ready, keeping his body sheltered, he begins to search inch by inch and foot by foot the dense mass of hemlocks beyond. He knows his feline fellow-actor is *there*. Yet so perfectly was the panther hidden, that a torturing half-hour the hunter strained his sight in vain. Suddenly a quick whine from the hound hugging his feet startles him; following the dog's riveted gaze a moment, lo! the dim outline of the cruel savage by slow, blood-chilling degrees grows upon the hunter's view, developing as it were into shape from that dense mass of hemlock spray! The panther was hugging close to a giant limb in the fork of a tree, scarcely a hundred feet distant. It was motionless, save its yellow eyes, which now began to scintillate like sparks of fire.

It was not a moment for hesitation. The hunter took a single stride from his shelter, caught a sight, and with the quickness of thought fired. The ball meant for the creature's head, only broke its shoulder. The smoke of the discharge had not risen; the panther's curdling scream of pain had scarcely riven the forest stillness before Cheney was sheltered and ready to try again. Until the panther can get an unobstructed sight it will hardly ever spring. But the wounded animal was emitting piercing cries, and its powerful tail was wrathfully lashing its flanks. Again the hunter stepped out: it was but a second's glance, yet he saw the flaming eyes, the stretched and foam-

dripping jaws, the ivory-white claws that riveted themselves into the great branch upon which the panther yet lay. The rifle-ball was quicker than the panther's spring, for just as it sallied back upon its haunches for the bound, the missile, this time true, smote it fairly between the eyes. The shot was instantly fatal; its steel-strung limbs relaxing, and the keen claws loosening their grip in the wood where they had been halfburied, the panther fell crashing through the branches at the hunter's feet, dead.

After 'Tony's tale, it was not a thought to fall complacently asleep upon, that we were this night in the once favorite retreat of this animal. However, the fire was heaped with wood, and a ruddy blaze aided to dissolve the incubus of fear that had crept upon the listeners during the guide's story.

Morning in the Pass dawned in a drizzling rain, and a dense mist drifted down the ravine, rolled up the face, and broke over the summit of the cliff. The added gloominess, the wind souging by fits through the trees, and breaking at intervals the monotonous, mournful sound of the falling rain, overcast the spirits of the entire party with a corresponding melancholy.

The mighty cliff, half-veiled by the uneasy vapor, loomed out of the partial obscurity more lofty than ever; but the travellers soon turned their backs upon its grandeur, and hastened to awaken the smouldering embers upon 'The Church' hearth — the proceeding most likely to secure present comfort.

While they smoked, and were smoked, around the camp-fire, and turned over the probabilities of a rainy day, the guide caught sight of an agile little animal capering upon the great bole of an adjacent hemlock, eyeing the strange intruders upon its seclusion with visible curiosity. It being the first living thing they had seen under the cold shadow of the precipice, chase was given, and the venturesome little fellow was brought down. Tony pronounced it a 'sable.' It was about the size of a black squirrel, and clothed with the silkiest, blackest fur. In winter, when all furs are prime, the trapper devotes his special attention to this little fellow, and hedges his path with a 'line' of dead-falls sometimes twenty miles in length.

At ten o'clock, the rain having abated, the party sallied from their stony cave, eager to follow up the gorge until they could turn the flank of the precipice and scale its lofty verge. The ascent of the gorge, however, proved more difficult and even perilous than they had bargained for: the monstrous rocks over or under which the travellers had to climb or creep, were slippery with the rain, and the heavy water-soaked moss broke and slid under foot. The rotten, saturated bark of a log peeling off under foot, one of the party lost his balance, and was in a fair way for a resting-place in the midst of a chaotic jam



of drift-wood some twenty feet below ; but as he slid off, he luckily caught a projecting knot with his arm, and there dangled in mid-air until he could be rescued. If in scaling a dripping rock, one rashly trusted his weight to a spruce sapling rooted in the scanty soil upon its summit, the treacherous auxiliary would turn up by the roots and throw down upon the climber a square yard of moss, black mould, and pebbles.

The flank of the precipice was finally gained, and with bones all whole, the party stood where they could begin the ascent of the 'Pass.'

The highest altitude of the cliff, as before said, is about twelve hundred feet ; but to attain that point, it was necessary to breast a full mile of terribly rough, up-hill work. There were 'slashes' of fallen timber to be wormed through, redoubts of rocks to be scrambled over, and yawning fissures to be crossed on slippery logs. Before the party had achieved half the ascent, there was prevalent a great deal of the sincerest repentance : it was voted that such things were better to read of than to do. However, as it was now no harder to go up and rest than to go down and rest, they again faced the mountain desperately, and by noon the height was conquered.

A wonderful vision undulated far beneath the feet of the climbers : to the far horizon no sign of man or his doings was cut or branded upon the rolling, full-leaved forest ; indeed, there was hardly a level space broad enough for his foot-hold. A carpet of dark evergreens, streaked here and there with the fairer foliage of the maple and birch, rolled away in billowy vastness to the distant horizon, rising and sinking as the mountains and valleys swelled and sank alternately underneath. Occasionally the granite peak of a loftier mountain pierced up through this deep-hued mid-summer tapestry, as if the pelting storms had abraded and fretted away its texture upon the flinty pinnacle. Lake Henderson, five miles down the ravine, seemed near enough to reflect our faces. It glittered under the noon-day sun like a mirror of burnished silver, by contrast with its dark forest setting.

One of the inducements to scale the cliff had been the desire to look over its brow, yet, now that we were here, no one dared quite venture to the awful brink and peep down upon our camp in the ravine. It was not dangerous to approach, if one had moderate nerve, because many low birches were firmly rooted in the rifts of the granite, and swung out their gnarled limbs over the void.

However, the travellers did at last muster nerve to near the dread edge, and nervously grasping the support, take a momentary look into the gulf. There was not one who did not at the first glance recoil with a shudder and cling convulsively to his post of security. The

clouds, too, rapidly drifting overhead and around, lent the appearance of motion to the very precipice where they stood, which sensation was so dizzying, that the writer threw himself flat upon the ground, and clutching the shrubs, drew himself back from the gulf.

A rock thrown over, after a long suspense, would send up a faint echo as it dashed itself to fragments in the ravine below: a log launched off, gathering the impetus of a cannon-ball, rent the tree-tops beneath with a sullen roar.

This scene has, in sublimity, been compared to Niagara Falls. It is a silent scene, and wants those potent elements of sound and motion, which invest Niagara with so great a portion of its unequalled sublimity. It lacks the hurried, seething, sweltering rush of many waters, their long leap, and the appalling, earth-rocking roar that Niagara forever lifts from its tortured bosom to the rainbow-spanned sky.

Of such grand elements of sublimity there are none here, but all that nature can combine in a voiceless, motionless scene to chasten the soul with awe, is embodied at the 'Indian Pass.'

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## A P O R T R A I T .

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BY PRESTON DAVIS SILL.

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A TINCT, as of the delicate wilding rose,  
Fresh with the dew, the happy tears of dawn,  
Kissed by her lord far in the saffron east,

Flushes the snow, white on her maiden cheeks ;  
While eyes, soft with much faith and love and truth,  
Hint of her woman's JOHN-like earnestness.

A cleft pomegranate sembles her ripe lips,  
Whence fall in rhythmic cadence musical  
All gracious words of gentleness and peace.

And where she passes, lo ! an awe — a hush —  
A reverence — paid by willing prayer-warm hearts —  
As though the Blessed MARY trode th' astonied earth !

*Trinity College, Hartford.*



## KING ROLF: A DREAM OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

## THE ARCTIC RASSELLAS.

DURING this evening, so disorderly and so detestably comfortless, (speaking from the human sensational stand-point,) a young man of the height of about — (well, no matter how tall he was; heroism is not measured by the lineal, or even the cubic inch, and it will give no insight into the *Ego* of this young man to say that he was as tall as Goliath, or as short as Quilp; and *insight*, you know, in modern compositions of the higher kinds, is the only thing we care for particularly) — a young man, I say, whose stature it is unnecessary to specify, but whose eyes resembled in color and expression the — on the whole, it is perhaps necessary that this fact should be suppressed; but to go as far as I lawfully may, let it be said, a young man who resembled somewhat in general style, features, and so forth, the celebrated Mr. —.

This will never, never do. The young man to whom reference is had has a whim to remain *incog.*, and beside is so brutally violent in his moments of choler, that if History were to cause the veil of his privacy to be lifted, there is a possibility not to be thought of with equanimity, that he might take a cane and ransack the bar-rooms and billiard-saloons till he found History, and then behave toward History like a member of the Lower House in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. All that can be done, under the circumstances, is to deploy our young man on the field of action, without the usual preliminary physical or mental portraiture, and simply say: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is my young friend, Mr John Pounder: features and phrenology average: he will not steal.'

But let not the reader suspect, with a compliment to his own critical discernment, that I shun description because conscious of being unequal to it. On the contrary, if I am equal to any thing, I am equal to description. Having done the 'personal sketches' for the New-York *Daily Magpie* at two sessions of Congress, one meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, and at the great fight for the belt between the American Tongs and the Hinglish Poker, I invite any chevalier of the press to make a match with me at high art correspondence, for ten thousand dollars and the championship. As a specimen of my powers in that line, let me give you my account of an interview with Mr. Whale, the great British reformer, which I

have just knocked off for to-morrow's *Maggie*, in my 'Letters from England by our own Correspondent;' and remember that I have to write all my letters after the steamer is telegraphed at Cape Race, and that I extemporized my interview with the great agitator, because the bulletin was uncommonly meagre:

'I sent up my card by the servant, and was immediately afterwards informed that the illustrious Whale would be proud to receive so eminent a disciple of the immortal Jefferson, and was straightway ushered into the library.

'Entering the room, my eyes rested upon a massive human form standing erect before the grate, and hurling toward the door through which I entered glances which first smote me with a death-like chill, but instantly afterward kindled from head to foot a glow of admiration and of awe!

'The *coup d'œil* was Alpine! I involuntarily exclaimed *Chamouni!*

'The contrast between the Titanic Whale, as he now stood before me, and Arthur Oriole, the poet, at whose breakfast-table I had sat a few hours before, (and who, by the way, listened to my suggestions for the improvement of his lately-published poem, 'ARETHUSA,' with evident gratitude,) was quite noticeable.

'The whole appearance of Oriole is Arcadian. There are the eyebrows of trailing arbutus over-hanging the little grottos where the eyes, those tremulous fountains of emotion, bubble forth the unceasing imaginations of the soul within; there, too, is the violet growth which fringes the upper lip, the ivy-tangle which enshrouds the chin and throat; the bowery expanse of waist-coat; the mossy slippers which conceal the feet, with an hundred other things full of suggestions of the golden age of Arcadie.

'But Whale is, as I said, Alpine. In the slight bewilderment of the first view, my vision transformed a minute and almost microscopic insect which, curiously enough, happened to hop out upon the point of his sharp and precipitous shirt-collar, into a chamois bounding in untamed freedom to the edge of an icy cliff.

'The oak-tanned pedestals on which the physical superstructure of the man rested were like the granite buttresses of the Jungfrau. From these, the rugged lines of pantaloons arose till crossed abruptly by the transverse strata of the coat, which was buttoned across his breast.

'Higher up, the shoulders pushed out in broad and beetling promontories, which were rendered more imposing by the circumstance that his arms were folded across his chest.

'The orifice through which the vocal utterances of Whale emerged into the atmosphere, or, in other words, his mouth, was invisible, on

account of a grisly cataract of beard, which, plunging from beneath the nasal *Grand Mulet*, joined the converging torrents of whisker which poured down from either ear, and all uniting, descended in devastation upon his bosom.

‘A depression of this cascade, however, in the region usually occupied in the human face by the mouth, together with a certain indescribable play of lights and shadows, caused, I suppose, by an occasional intensification of the habitual compression of the lips, gave indications of a cavern, veiled by the mustache, of more than ordinary vastness, gloom, and mystery.

‘The eyes shone with icy brilliance from their sockets, and above them a vast white glacier of forehead reared its threatening slope, and the wildly drifted hair on the summit seemed ready to rush down in an avalanche whenever a perturbation should occur in the atmosphere of that unapproachable solitude——’

And so forth.

So much on the question of privilege: let us now take up the order of business. We return to that object partially revealed in the first sentence of this chapter—that object which, next to a young woman, is the most necessary and most interesting in modern composition, namely, a young man. Although the surface-humanity of this person is not to be described, as the reader has been already told, it is but fair to say that the individual just introduced is not the villain of this narrative. Consequently, every body will know, as to his outward characteristics, thus much: he was not, first, bull-necked, heavy-jawed, thick-set, diagonally scarred on the right cheek, and dressed in pilot-cloth jacket with horn buttons; nor, second, pale-and-intellectual-but-sinister-countenanced, thin-and-compressed-lipped, cobra-capello-eyed, tall-and-elegant-figured, and dressed for the opera, where, in the next chapter, a single glance through his lorgnette into one of the boxes, is going to throw Florence Windermere into profound agitation, to the great mystification of Frederick Auberton—her escort and the villain’s rival—like a shot from an Armstrong gun pitched into a fellow’s stomach through the embrasure of a fort.

He was sitting in a room—no matter what kind of a room—by a table, on which were a candle and a case containing four dozen books, entitled as follows, namely, Esp—upon my word, I came within a hair’s-breadth of discharging the *felis domesticus* from sacceous confinement. The titles of these books being once given, it would have required no very sharp detective policeman to identify our unknown in a very short time; for it is not probable that any other shelves in the world contained, on that evening, precisely those forty-eight books, no more, no less. And then, when policeman had dragged out to public gaze a young man somewhat over twenty-one years of age,

rather short of stature, but of sturdy, compact frame, with scarcely neck enough to make hanging a possible means of inflicting upon him the extreme penalty of the law, if he should ever murder his parents, (of which there is not much danger,) or History afore-mentioned, (of which there may be some danger,) with hair of a sort of hay-color and very thick—six tons to the acre, to keep up the hay comparison—but cropped down rather close, on account of its unaccommodating texture, which continually disposed it to take an upright position, unless liberally lubricated and vigorously brushed; with a smoothly-shaven face, rather broad and slightly pulpy, indicating, if not stupendous capacity, yet fair sense with a good deal of plodding perseverance, and a sufficient portion of self-confidence to render the results of the perseverance quite satisfactory to the performer, if not to others: a face with its lines of good-humor and kindly companionship, although it might be that wrath might becloud the cheeks and brow rather more readily than those of less earnest men, who thought more lightly than he of the results of their own labors—when the policeman had dragged out such an one to public gaze, the whole thing would be found out. Let my artless pen learn circumspection.

He was writing—perhaps a history of Dahomey; perhaps a treatise on the Monroe Doctrine; perhaps a poem. If the latter, let us hope that it was not in the style of the modern botheration school of poets. Whatever the subject was which engaged his pen, he pushed it industriously, and from minute to minute made visible progress. It was evidently not doing the work of a mind in which an idea is born a mere shapeless shadow, and afterwards, by degrees, assumes form and substance, after much scrawling, erasing, re-writing, tearing up and writing over again; but a mind in which the idea is born as big as it ever will be, and fully-dressed in a suit of words. So the pen travelled on over the page at an even pace, never loitering to make girls' faces or horses' heads on the margin of the sheet, and never darting an angry line back over a sentence summarily cashiered for incompetency. The winds without howled; the clouds swept in a gloomy world-covering mass, as if Nature were dead, and the funeral-services were in progress. Nevertheless, the sturdy, self-confident pen gave way to no nervousness, as it might perhaps have done, if it had been in the service of a more irresolute and imaginative mind, but journeyed on as if in confidence that Nature was only in a trance, and would, by-and-by, arouse and scatter the over-frantic rabble of heirs and mourners.

Suddenly was heard without the door a confused uproar—a little special turbulence of wind, Mr. Matter-of-fact would have said, and said with such confidence, that, to sustain his assertion, he would have sworn to it, bet upon it, proved it 'clear as day-light, Sir, to any

body but an ignorant, obstinate jackass, Sir, like you, Sir,' and quarrelled for it with his wife. But, after all, our positive neighbor would have been wrong; for any passenger, with half an eye for the invisible world, might have seen a gang of Rolf's airy bravos making an onslaught upon the muffled human form which made its way up the steps of the office from the street, and by a sudden and spiteful charge around the corner, and with a plentiful dash of snow into his face, almost hurling it back to the street. Our industrious penman did not lift his eyes from the paper. The fine frenzy of composition, you know, makes the lunatic quite insensible, while the delirium is on, to the woes and dangers of friends. So the stamping of booted feet, with an emphasis somewhat indicative of irritation, did not disturb the writer. Nor was he discomposed when the door burst open, and a young man, leaping into the room, shook his fist at his viewless assailants, and clapped the door into their faces, as he shouted: 'Get out, ye cubs of Boreas!'

The intruder was a young man, apparently not differing much in age from our scrivener: his name, Joseph Story Lark; occupation, counsellor-at-law; character, spotless; looks, good. He had a splendid auburn mustache, dark eye, and bounded into the room like an Indian runner.

'Hallo! Grub-street!' he cried: 'what are you doing to-night? Come, respond.'

'Keep quiet five minutes, Larkie — writing — authorizing a little, you see.'

'Authorizing, eh? rather a gorgeous apartment, this. Prose-writer of America creating a national literature with the assistance of one candle, demi-legged snuffers, and poker doing duty for shovel and tongs. If that is the outfit the Muses furnish to their 'prentices, I'll bind myself to Vulcan in preference. By-the-by, Jack, has the *North-American Quarterly* closed with your offer yet — three thousand jokes, at four dollars the hundred? It's an insane *Quarterly* if it does n't. May I go hang, if I ever consent to be a Prose-Joker of America for less than five cents per joke. It is a fine state of the public conscience, if one logical, shop-made joke will not bring as much in the market as a pound of nails. Why, consider what a joke is — the offspring of his Majesty King Imagination, by his left-handed spouse, Humor. I grant you that dame Reason, his duly-wedded queen, frets at the royal derelictions, and snubs the young bar-sinister varlets on every occasion; but, after all, as the world goes, a bit of royal blood, however scoundrelly it may be, or howsoever it is come by, rules higher in the market than the lower grades. Therefore I argue that the *Quarterly* is guilty not only of barbarity and covetousness, but what is blacker than all that, ignorance of its own interest.

‘Oh! be quiet, I beg of you: let me finish this page.’

‘No: I’ll not be quiet. I am here as a guest; and if I can’t have a welcome, I’ll not only raise a breeze myself, but open the door and let in a few of these zephyrs from the outside. Tell me what you are writing!’

‘In a moment: but please be quiet.’

‘Can’t wait. Do you know, I have just been appointed censor of literature for this bailiwick? The Government has concluded to adopt the European system of censorship; and a mighty good notion it is, too. Of course, they secured my services, by telegraph, for this county, at once. I have got the Secretary of State’s letter, informing me that the Government is going in for ‘a severe and masculine morality’—that was the expression he used; and you scribes have got to be careful that you teach your pens steady habits. I will inspect your manuscript, young man; and if it is all proper, well and good; if not, I shall send you to jail. Let me tell you, Sir, if you issue those three thousand witticisms, you will find the *gens-d’armes* after you immediately. Come, Sir: what are you writing?’

‘Oh! do be quiet five minutes — keep off — a tale.’

‘A tale! hum! Pretty library this for a man writing tales. Kent’s Commentaries, Espinasse’s *Nisi Prius*, Starkie’s Evidence. You will give us a legal romance, I suppose. John Doe is the hero: Belinda Roe the heroine. John declares *sagittatus amavit*. Belinda is inclined to give a *cognovit*, but out of female contrariness pleads the general issue. John, not at all discouraged, notices for trial, and is just about to take an inquest for want of an affidavit of merits, when Giles Stokes, a malignant old uncle and testamentary guardian of Belinda, files a bill in Chancery, puts an injunction on John’s suit-at-law, gets possession of Belinda by writ of *habeas corpus*, and dismisses John from his premises by a ‘*knee*’ *exeat*. John, on the next night, breaks old Giles’s close, and casually finds a great number of damsels, spinsters, females, old women, young women, and middle-aged women, to wit, one hundred damsels, one hundred spinsters, one hundred females, and so forth, and wrongfully converts the same to his own use: that is to say, in ordinary language, he abducts the willing Belinda from the parlor of the tyrannical uncle, and is just about assisting her into a carriage, when William Fen, a rival, steps on the scene, accompanied by an animal *ferce natura*, namely, a bull-dog. John commits an aggravated assault and battery on William, accompanied by actionable epithets; and furthermore, doth kill, murder, slaughter, destroy, and utterly and totally expunge and eliminate the said bull-dog, then and there, to wit, at the time and place afore-said —’

‘A tolerably dead dog, that, Counsellor Lark.’



'But it is of no use: old Giles recovers Belinda by writ of replevin, and obtains an alternative *mandamus* requiring her to marry William Fen, or show cause. John's case begins to look pretty blue; but, after a desperate passage-of-arms at chambers, where the heroic John encounters, single-handed, five leading counsel who are retained by the malignant uncle, the Chancellor dissolves the injunction; the Chief-Justice afterward refuses a peremptory *mandamus*. Belinda gives John the *cognovit*. Judgment for the defendant in the replevin suit. Execution for costs against the body of old Giles the plaintiff. Doe and Roe become *baron* and *feme*, and Uncle Stokes spends the remainder of his life on the limits. Thrilling, isn't it? Jack, you genius, I congratulate you. Just imagine a six-foot poster: '*New-York Blotter, just out! Three more chapters of Pounder's great Legal Romance, the Alternative Mandamus. Price only four cents. Now is the time to subscribe!*' Is that it, say?'

'No, no: do be still two minutes.'

'What is it then? Where is the scene?'

'The North Pole.'

'North Pole? well, that is a good one: any ladies?'

'Yes: two or three.'

'Let me give you a bit of advice.'

'Thank you: what is it?'

'Dress 'em warm.'

'That advice is n't worth a 'thank you.' I make the story slightly supernatural, and so, you know, the ordinary laws of heat and cold don't apply.'

'Ah! I see: you go back to the old pagan days, and take Thor, Odin and Co., into service.'

'No: modern tale. I'm making a mythology of my own.'

'Well, that is cool. You, a miserable attorney, *making a mythology*. I'll go to a glazier, and have a Jupiter Ammon in putty. I'll go to Sandy McPunch, the Scotch mason, and order a temple of Karnac in adobe.'

'If you go an inch farther in your comparisons, Mr. Joseph Story Lark,' Pounder said, 'I'll do to you what Doe did to the bull-dog.'

'Don't be too sensitive,' Mr. Lark replied: 'it was involuntary action of the impudence-nerves of the tongue that made me utter the unparliamentary language. That is an old infirmity that grows on me.'

'Impossible: it has got its growth,' Pounder remarked.

'No more of that, Jack. I see I am wrong. Far be it from me, Mr. Chairman, to speak in disparagement of the attorney,' the counsellor continued. 'The attorney is monarch in this hemisphere. He wrote the Declaration of Independence, seventy-six years ago, and



the Constitution afterward; and since that time he has managed matters pretty much as he thought best. On the other side of the world, the hereditary nobility control affairs. Here the men of briefs hold the *divisum imperium cum Jove* — many of them, I am sorry to say, out at the elbows, and addicted to chewing tobacco, contrary to my example. They take about two-thirds of the authority which Jove do n't claim, and divide the remaining third among the military heroes, rail-road operators, editors, the political clergy, and the prize-fighters. Here, then, the austere but benign genius of Law is the presiding divinity, of whom you and I, dear Sir, are a pair of austere but benign acolytes; while over the sea, it is the proud and domineering Lucifer of Aristocracy that bears sway. There, the world is in the clutches of a brutal and bloated nobility: here, in the hands of the poor but honest lawyers. Hence it is, Mr. Chairman, that the valued eagle of our common country, Sir, walks, as I may say, up and down the continent, calling, as it were, to the oppressed millions of the old world, Sir, who come trooping like chickens, to take refuge under her wings, while the hawks and kites of absolutism utter their screams of rage from the ramparts, Mr. Chairman, of despotic — ah — ah — despotic — ah ——— despotism.'

'Powerful plea for the joint administration of Jupiter and Counsellor Lark,' said Jack: 'but it was not necessary for you to get on that table, and upset an ink-stand.'

'I could n't help it,' the other answered, descending again to the floor, from which the ardor of his oratory had for a moment elevated him. 'Great thoughts always lift me off *terra firma*.'

'That depends somewhat on where you get them,' the writer retorted. 'Last Fourth-of-July, the great thoughts you bought at the 'Strawberry Arbor,' lifted you to the top of a sign-post, with considerable applause from an audience of small boys and Africans — so I heard: and I *know* that the great thoughts you were treated to at Mickey Quail's shanty, when we went fishing over to Moose Creek, precipitated you to the bottom of a gully.'

'Ah! my friend, that sign-post story is as false as history, you very well know. But the fishing story has a basis of truth. I can't deny that: barely a basis: the rest all supplied by imagination. That shows how a very small common-place fact can grow into a big and pleasing story, just as a little colorless grub becomes, by-and-by, a fanciful butterfly. Like Mungo Park, I was weak: I was faint. I had no wife to grind my corn. Mrs. Quail, kind soul, welcomed me to her shanty when I was wet as a spaniel, and gave me the draught that Mickey finds so useful after a day's work at ditching. It was powerful enough to thicken the tongue of the Colossus of Rhodes; and when I tried to walk the log lying across the gully, a half-hour

afterward, it was no wonder that the fourth step was a ten-foot perpendicular. Ah! you have got to the bottom of the page, now.'

'Yes: many thanks for your assistance. I will revise it to-morrow. I have no doubt I shall find Mrs. Quail introduced as a character.'

'You could not do better, my dear fellow. But now that you have put up your pen, I will be serious, and tell you that I think the idea of laying the scene of a romance at the North Pole is very good, very good, indeed. You see, the magazine-writers, novelists, poets, and all that rabble, have preëmpted the whole world, except what lies beyond the polar circles. Where can you go, I ask, on the whole face of the earth, and not find that some scribbler has been there before you, and staked out a claim? But as soon as you pass Cape Farewell, the literature is all fact, not fancy; and even fact can't survive north of Smith's Sound. Naval captains, whalers, and now and then a man of science, are the only persons who go into that part of the world, and they do n't have any taste at all for love and murder, the only things that make literature attractive. All that their minds are capable of, in the way of composition, is shown in narratives of freezing and thawing — principally the former — and occasional interviews with men that drink lamp-oil by the quart. Even there, writers do n't get beyond latitude eighty-four degrees North, and it is high time that something was done to make that part of the world more popular. But you go clean through to the Pole, I understand.'

'Yes,' said honest Jack, 'entirely beyond the points of actual discovery.'

'Now, that is an idea worthy of Columbus,' his visitor said. 'Of course, when you have once shown how the egg can be made to stand on its end, there will be plenty to follow, and in the course of a few year's duels at the magnetic pole, and love-scenes with the mercury at forty-four degrees below zero, will be as common events in the sensation weeklies as the boarding and capture of Spanish frigates by the crews of buccaneer schooners now are.'

'O Joe!' the other cried, fidgeting with all the uneasiness of a great author, misunderstood by a puffing editor, 'you do n't have the right conception of the matter at all. I do n't treat the subject in that way —'

'Oh! no, of course not; you write for the family circle, then: domestic tale; nothing tragic; no pistols and coffee; society romances are the right style for sales. You open with a pleasing family scene like this: 'Silently the Great Bear, or the celebrated Ursa Major, as the learned prefer to call him, sat on his hind-legs just foreniust the North Pole, smiling in a kind and engaging manner. The mercury crouched in the bulb of the thermometer entirely congealed, and all the natural phenomena of the country were frozen up harder than

cast iron. Notwithstanding these refrigerating atmospheric conditions, J. Frost, Esquire, a popular and influential citizen of the gelid republic, reclined on the shady side of an ice-berg with his coat off and shirt-collar unbuttoned, exuding a profuse perspiration. His lovely daughters endeavored to suppress the paternal combustion by fanning their parent, while his accomplished lady dipped water from a neighboring tub and poured it over his head and down his back. Mr. Frost thus presented to history the spectacle hitherto supposed impossible, of an individual deriving pleasurable sensations from a creek in his back.' '

'I believe the creek that flowed down your back this evening,' said Pounder, grinning in spite of himself, 'passed down the inside of the vertebræ. I'll do you the justice to say that you have not talked so much like an idiot in my presence since the campaign on the Moose.'

'You are entirely at fault in your insinuations,' Mr. Lark returned. 'If you discover in me an unusual activity of the tongue, and a sort of supernatural discernment of the operations of your mind ——'

'Operations of *my* mind!' Jack exclaimed with impatience. 'You do n't have the first conception of my plan yet; if you will keep your tongue in confinement a few minutes, I will tell you the design I have in my tale.'

'Oh! very well,' the other said, 'I'll light this cigar, and you can proceed, but I do not believe you will surprise me very much.'

'Well, then,' proceeded the author, 'I design my work to set forth under the form of a tale, in order to make it attractive to all classes, my ideas on all the leading subjects of human thought, religion, politics, philosophy, society, law, love, and literature. I take a hint from Fenelon, you see: another from Rasselas. I represent a nation at the North Pole, walled out from the rest of the world by an impassable barrier of ice. The community is under the protection of a powerful and benignant spirit, whom I call Hyperboreanus, or the Genius of the North; and the great ice-barrier is constructed by him merely for the purpose of preventing intrusion by the more corrupt human beings of the other zones. Within the great wall, the climate is most delightful, yielding all productions known to temperate and tropical regions. The inhabitants are a virtuous and happy race, governing themselves in a kind of social republic, at the head of which are the poets and artists, both male and female. The great thinkers converse in the groves and in the vestibules of the temples, surrounded by attentive audiences. In these conversations, the great subjects I mentioned to you are discussed, and I design to report them at considerable length, so as to give my sentiments a thorough exposition ——'

‘But I do n’t see where the love and murder is to come in,’ Lark said.

‘Oh! for lovers, I have a political economist in love with a lady-Secretary of State for the first couple; and for the second, a philosophical poet, paying his addresses to a female geologist, who, for her part, is extremely partial to an eloquent young priest of Hyperboreanus, some twenty-two years her junior in age; and he for his part, is madly devoted to one of the nine Muses, whom he saw for the first time while preaching one of his sermons — which I shall report in full — sitting in the choir disguised as a contralto.’

‘That is the supernatural part of the tale, then?’ Counsellor Lark inquired.

‘Yes,’ the other said, ‘I found the ancient myth of the nine Muses so convenient for my design, that I reproduce them at the North Pole inhabiting the summit of an inaccessible mountain.’

‘But the murder — where is that?’

‘O you sanguinary wretch! murder is unheard of in that region. I had to introduce some suffering, however, for that is expected at the present day.’

‘Certainly,’ said Lark, blowing a cloud of smoke, ‘the modern novelist is expected to put his hero to the rack, and it is expected of the hero that he will talk in a very calm and profound way about it after a few hours of yelling. But who is your sufferer?’

‘The young priest of Hyperboreanus is the first sufferer, and the Muse is the second. For the Genius of the North interferes and shows the impossibility of his consenting to the intimacy being continued, upon which they attempt an elopement to Paris by way of the North Cape, but the frontier police of Hyperboreanus intercept them and send them back under arrest. The female geologist then for the first time discovers that the priest is indifferent to her charms, and becomes sufferer number three; and the philosophical poet finding that the lady has thrown aside her hammer and neglected her cabinet from despondency, caused by her sentiments for the young priest, becomes sufferer number four. This little entanglement, you see, affords an opportunity for conversations on the passions, and these I have made my particular study.’

‘Samuel Johnson redivivus!’ Lark exclaimed when his friend had explained his astonishing conception for a novel. ‘If you can manage to publish your book a century ago, it will go off splendidly. I tell you squarely, though, your plot is old-fashioned, and it won’t go down at the present day.’

‘That is my risk, not yours,’ the author said. He was not offended at the bluntness of the remark, which his companion uttered with

much apparent seriousness. Though much disposed to wrath, which he was wont to manifest by a blazing of the face, and by vehement voice and gesture, he was too well satisfied with his own literary ability to be disturbed by the criticism of a rattling fellow like Counsellor Lark, who was probably slightly tipsy, and who certainly never had bestowed any systematic study upon the human passions.

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TO A FADED COQUETTE.

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BY J. HAL. ELLIOT.

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TEAR out the blushing rose-buds from thy hair,  
 And twine instead a wreath of faded leaves:  
 Poor fool! to think they make your face look fair;  
 It wants the blood of youth to mantle there:  
 The lie you'd make them utter, who believes?

Well, covet youth: perchance, when thou wert young,  
 Maturer years seemed fraught with joy to thee:  
 But now the hoop and gipsy-hat are hung  
 In closets dark: the girlish songs you sung  
 Have sobered down to tuneless mockery.

You may as well bid all the Past good-by;  
 For constant tears and prayers, by day and night,  
 Cannot restore youth's love-light to thine eye:  
 Old TIME's an iron tyrant; while you sigh,  
 He'll steal to-day, and bear it from your sight.

The lines are growing deeper on thy brow;  
 Thine eyes wax dim and lustreless each day:  
 Thy lagging step is not quite fawn-like now;  
 Thy lips, alas! have breathed their last fond vow;  
 Thy hair is thick with lines of silvery gray.

When Beauty dowered thee with gifts so rare,  
 You spurned the suppliants that knelt to thee:  
 And now you stretch your arms to empty air,  
 And kiss white shadowy lips that only wear  
 The merest ghosts of smiles you used to see.

And, worse than all, no one will pity you:  
 The great world has an adamant heart:  
 With private troubles it has naught to do:  
 Forever charmed with something fresh and new,  
 It laughs to scorn your would-be skilful art.

So pluck the rose-buds from thy faded hair;  
 They mock thee with their spicy perfumed breath:  
 Old age is creeping on you unaware:  
 Your heart is freezing daily: have a care,  
 Or there will be no lighting up in death.

*Blackstone, (Mass.,) July, 1860.*

## THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

## SECOND SERIES.

## CHAPTER THIRD.

HEARING a knock on my room-door early one fine summer morning, and being dressed as far as my top waistcoat-button, I Sarah'd out into the hall. It was Thompson.

'Mars' Twine present his despectful compliments, and would imparticular'y like to know if Mars' Sloper would have the *extrordinaire bonté* to len' him the *clay* ob de *arm-war* whar de fishin'-tackle is.'

'You in-fer-nal ebony poll-parrot,' cried Hiram, entering the room: 'do you mean to say that I ever put such a pollygobble of lingo into your mouth? Where did you come across your French, any how?'

'Spect you 'member Lucy-hen Sharl Smit, Mars' Twine, de gard'ner ober at Colonel Belden's. Well, Lucy-hen used to be a Frenchman wen he was young, (fo' he come to 'Merica,) and he's 'greed to teach me all de diermleckt fur two new do'-mats, and I'm to paint de weel-barrer an' garden-tools wen I git so 's to talk French putty easy.'

'Well, but what ever set it into your head to want to learn it?'

The Rev. Mr. Glasgow lifted up one shoulder, and dropping his head, peered up his eyes: the whole done in that peculiar nigger way which no white man ever caught yet, and answered: 'Why, I kine' o' knows two young ladies; dey 'ms Noctoroons, from New-Orleans, and I aint sort ob shined much 'round 'em: dey holes dar heads mity high, dat's sartin. But jis' wait till I sail in wid de French, *yah!* *yah!* dat'll sweep de ashes up: I kin 'spress de names o' mos' all kines o' wittles, and know de names o' all de things in de kitchen, *now.*'

'But, Thompson,' said Amelia, who had by this time joined us: 'do you mean to begin making a grand impression, by asking for something to eat?'

The colored 'man and brother' went off into one of his high-pressure laughs, leading our chorus, and then good-naturedly said: 'People ob color, Mrs. Sloper, make good many presents ob sumfin' good to eat. We's always a sendin' an' bringin' little dailykisses to one 'noder: we's uncommon great empicures, dat 's a fac', an' know a heap 'bout good libin' an' cookin'.'

'That 's so,' remarked Hiram, with *vim*. ('By the way, Thompson, I wish you'd tell Auntie Chloe to get us up some 'pepper-pot' soon.) Well, go-ahead.'

‘Yes, Sah! Well, Mrs. Sloper, I learn from Lucy-hen how to say, ‘*Fooley foo?*’ dat means to ask ef you want any thing, and den I add to it, frinstance, *shambone*, (dat’s a ham-bone, I b’lieve,) or *ban*, dat’s bread, an’ so on.’

‘Can’t your teacher talk Dutch, too?’ asked Hiram carelessly.

‘Yes: I hear him talk it fuss-rate wid a han’-organ gal, onnly yes’r-day ev’nen’.

‘I thought so,’ said Hiram, as we walked away. ‘Thompson has got into the hands of an Alsatian. By the time the French has been run through a German patois sieve and a nigger Malaprop, it’ll be an uncommonly fine language, I *do n’t* think. I’m going over to Paris in the spring, and would n’t miss hearing Thompson spread himself on the lingo for something. I once heard some Irish-German on Long-Island, from a Biddy who learned it cooking for a lot of Rhine-landers. I assure you, it was delightful. You seemed to hear a fight between a Celt and Teuton, and Paddy, of course, had considerably the best of it: the whole being very much ornamented by ‘Howly Mother!’ ‘Be Jases!’ ‘Be me sowl!’ ‘Sure it bates Banager!’ and some little original Irish.’

‘Well, herring’s the next thing to potatoes: what do you want with fishing-tackle?’

‘That’ll do. Mrs. Sloper, Mace is losing his memory, out-and-out, I believe, since he’s been married. Do tell him that yesterday he proposed, and we disposed, a grand pic-nic, and I suppose a little fishing may as well be mixed with it, since we’re going near a splendid brook.’

‘Now, it’s queer,’ said I, ‘and just proves how naturally men’s minds run in little narrow grooves; but the idea of a pic-nic’s being one thing, and going a-fishing being another, has always been sunk so deep in my head, that I never thought of connecting ’em.’

By this time quite a number of us were at breakfast, and Thompson, aided by an awfully black boy of fourteen, named Jerome, was busy in distributing the coffee which Amelia poured. Being a great lover of style, and particularly of hotel-style and hotels, where he had picked up most of his ideas of elegance, Thompson used to bewail sometimes the fact that we could n’t have breakfast and dinner-bills fresh-printed twice a day, up at the cottage. He contrived, however, to always have a few written out, and as this was generally done by the children for him, the documents could n’t be said, on the whole, to quite rival some which I have seen. But they answered every purpose, and great was the air with which Thompson would present to a newly-arrived guest the *cart*.

‘What you were saying, Mace,’ remarked Hiram, as he scientifically mixed up ‘Worcester’ with his beef-steak gravy, and went on savor-



izing it with salt and things: 'what you were saying about never getting it into your head that people might go a-fishing and pic-nicking together, is a human peculiarity which prevents an immense amount of enterprise from blazing out; but then it keeps a great deal of mischief from coming to a head, too, that's a fact!'

'Well, I rather think I see you,' I replied. 'But give us an illustration. (Thompson, I'll trouble you for the fried potatoes.)'

'You can have it. (Miss Séton, good-morning: I hope that the wild north-wester last night did n't disturb the dreams of your innocence.) Well, to return: you do n't happen to remember that excruciating opera-got-up genius who used to visit at Van Dale's—the youth who followed the law and the fashions: he *did* keep up with the fashions.'

'You mean Mackorann Brady?'

'Just so: the one who went out Brady to Paris, and came back in the fall as Brah'dee. The boys used to pronounce it 'brandy,' but so that he could n't notice it; which was the reason old Boggsy said that a great many gentlemen now-a-days went out corn-whisky and came back cogniac. Brady heard the whole story, and went and slanged Boggsy considerably: in fact, he was soft enough to tell him that such slander was actionable. 'Cogniactionable, I suppose you mean,' says the old man.'

'Good for Boggsy! And the Brah'dee? (Miss Bertha, here are some 'irreproachably poached eggs'—fried? yes, certainly. Thompson, just have some done on both sides, with a touch of brown, will you?) Well, Hiram, hammer out your moral on the Bradyator you were shining at.'

'Well, as I was saying, Brady never took in but one idea at a time, and it was the saving of him, just as it is of almost all steady old dandies and your sober fast men, who are beginning to stick fast in society.'

'Yes,' put in Natanella Séton: 'it *is* remarkable how devoid of intelligence your nice, selfish, gentlemanly old bachelors are apt to be. They are like good watches—all their works run on their diamond of an 'I': when I see one pacing comfortably down Broadway, I think I can hear him ticking as he trots along: 'Nice-wea-ther-for-me-to-walk-in—nice-peo-ple-to-hear-my-talk-ing.''

'But they're *real* nice, for all that,' subjoined Bertha Susan. 'They're so polite and gentlemanly.'

'Oh! very,' replied Séton. 'They know quite enough to smooth down a cushion, so as to sit on it comfortably. And the cushions think it so kind of them. What I was trying to say, good people, was, that if the greater part of the middle-aged bouquet-beaus and compliment-men are such old stupid, with all their experience, what

geese they must have been while young! Oh! isn't it droll that gay birds never have song or soul, whether they wear feathers or cloth? And how sweet they look, staring out of the club-window — the pretty pollys, looking at the macaws going by! I declare I sometimes think they ought to hang up a sign there: 'Nothing at all done here with neatness and dispatch.'

'I saw a carpenter's sign, the other day, in the Bowery,' said Bertha: 'what do you think it had on it? Why, 'G-O-B-B-I-N-G done here.'

'That sign would answer quite as well for my poor old beaus,' remarked Natanella. 'They're all a parcel of *gobe-mouches*.'

'And what under the sun is a *gobe-mouche*?' I exclaimed. 'Not being naturally smart —'

'Mace!' cried Amelia, 'I *did* think I'd cured you of that expression. A *gobe-mouche* is a fly-swallower, a lout who is inquisitive, who snaps up all gossip and trifles: dear me, it's a very hard word to explain, and yet it's very simple in French.'

'Simple enough, my dear Mrs. Sloper,' quoth Natanella. 'A *gobe-mouche* is one who combines the small points of a man with a woman's love of gossip of any kind. (Thompson, some more coffee, if you please.) An old fop, all flutter and flatter, all full of the latest news, (I mean scandal and engagements, and where Mrs. Blank has gone.) Such a man is generally quite as staring a creature, and one as full of amazement, as any affected old maid! 'Is it possible — my — dear Mrs. Smith? Bless my soul, I should *never* have thought it!''

Natanella is a bitter good mimic. When she came to these last expressions, we all recognized an imitation — a cruel good one — and went off in a peal of laughter. Thompson saved his credit by rushing abruptly from the room, and burying himself in a closet, where he shook down and broke thirty-eight cups-and-saucers in his hilarious convulsions. It's a great gift that, of taking folks off. What an instrument a well-modulated, sweet human voice is for playing such tunes on! There, in those two little sentences of Natanella's, was more real, striking home, taking off of a character, than any writer who ever lived since Adam wrote his auto-biography ever got between covers. (Some body told me once that the real meaning of the story was, that Adam, after his expulsion, wrote a 'Defence of my Conduct in the Garden of Eden,' and did it in fig-leaves, for want of paper, as they still do in India. But I suppose the story's all nonsense.) Ah! *music* is the real art, after all. The man who fixes it so that when we read we shall *hear sounds* — bird-songs and voices — he will drive all the writers before him — Moses the whole party into the Red Sea of 'Good-by, John!' And Natanella's voice has a wide sweep: it's very musical, or whatever she chooses to make it; and it's perfectly

awful how she can imitate. She makes believe sometimes she's Amelia out on the porch, and when I holler to her, she replies in some body else's voice. She bothers the children; brings Thompson out by imitating lost cheeping chickens and strange dogs, tolls foreign pigeons from afar, sets off the poultry by crowing at mid-night, (how she *can* crow, to be sure!) and makes the life of the old gobbler a burden unto him. We have a magnificent turkey: Natanella says he's her beau, and that 'Fuss-and-Feathers' has more real *style* than any man who ever lived. Poor Fuss-and-Feathers, her love costs him dear. At every hour comes rolling out in most persuasive, delightful, metallic tone, his lady's, '*woo-o-ob-ble-obble-opple-opple-op'pl!*' There's no standing it: the General caves right in: every feather flies up into untold magnificence; the Grand Sultan gets himself up in full rig on a high old strut at four seconds' notice, and '*wobble-obble-obble*' comes back, his song and the whole flock with him. It is n't enough for Séton that men and women must be played on by her like instruments, for fun: the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air must be humbugged, too. I expect she'd like to have the whole world tramp in one Tom-fool procession, with herself carried at the head on kings' shoulders, blowing a penny trumpet, and leading 'em on.

'After all,' quoth Amelia reflectingly, as we rose from the table, 'we have not heard the story of Mr. Brady yet.'

'No time, now, I fear,' cried Sam. 'Here, the wagons are at the door! Now then, Miss Séton, step on my hand, if you please: up we go! Take care, Mace: there's crockery in that basket.'

'All right?' cried Hiram.

'Yes, Sah: all right! De ice is comin' directly. Drive 'long, Mars' Twine: I'se comin' 'medietly after wid de picknock in de wheelbarer.'

From which it appeared that a pic-nic was styled by Thompson a *pick-nock*, and that his idea of the article was, that it consisted entirely of the eatables to be devoured by a party going into the woods. Curious individual, the culled brother! Well, he is. Twice as much given to high life and big words as the poor white, and twice as absurd when he tries to use them. Gets ahead twice as fast up to a certain point of culture, and then rolls back twice as far in trying to climb over. A great problem, the working out of which will cost more than one head-ache, is that same banjo-playing, white-washing, and high-old-dancing darkey!

One of the best pictures I ever saw in my life was by the artist Harry Stephens. A little nigger is dancing a hoe-down with all his might, letting into it industriously, playing the bones like a regular jolly boulder-headed Simon as he is. But the shadow of the little

nigger falls on a map behind, and covers all the American continent with a shadow in the shape of a devil.

Never mind that: I have pleasanter things on hand now to tell about. Four or five miles from the cottage is a secluded oak-land near a cold stream, and a dell, which come back to you in dreams after you've seen them. There are fine steep rocks to stroll among, and nice small rocks just fit for seats, and a Hudson view equal to any alive, and a sort of cave, under which fifty people can shelter when it rains. Perhaps we *did n't* have a particularly nice time there! Rather. I'm not one of your smart — by Jove! Amelia will be down on me yet. But, as I was going to say, I'm particularly much miss-taken (as the fellow said when he was caught by the girl) if one such gathering of jolly friends in one such place, is n't enough for a *rational* man, who knows what's really good for him, to give the lie to all those sneaky, morbid, diseased notions afloat about a man's never having any real happiness in this life, or one real happy day. Good gracious! what *do* some folks want? Something beyond the laws of nature, I expect: something outside of humanity and rationality, I reckon: something that is n't, and never will be, and of which they've no notion, I'm straight-sure. They're not of Mace Sloper's sort. No, Marm. Give me such company as I know where to find: give me summer leisure, Newport or Narragansett rocks, or North-River hills, (the LORD bless 'em! and New-York, too.) Give me fine weather; give me a fish-pole or a cigar; and give, oh! give me Thompson with the 'pick-nock,' and I'll take care of the rest for myself, for one day, any how, and not trouble any body to find *any* farther happiness for me. Yes, Sir-ree! I'll contract, if in good health, to shed sorrow as a duck sheds water; and over and above this, to do something towards making the jolly company shed theirs. Why not? Can it not be performed? Thompson, I'll trouble you to uncork that Lafitte, and get out a sardine and some stuffed olives.

I do n't say 'claret' and 'stuffed olives,' and so on, reader, because its saloony and 'the thing' to ventilate the imported articles in writing. I say it because we happened to have 'em. If we'd had nothing but cider and sandwiches, I'd be sorry if I could n't have been as happy on them. I'm sorry to see that of late years a sort of restaurant-club and entertainment-dinner pedantry has begun to show itself among jolly writers, giving the immoral impression that the only regularly initiated in enjoying this world must have certain meats and rare wines, be kitchen-learned, and judge of a man's claim to be a gentleman and a good fellow by his knowledge of a single grade of the thermometer in icing champagne. It's all very well, very well indeed, as every little improvement is good which adds to grace and taste.

But in the name of all that's noble, and real, and good-hearted, *do n't*, my dear fellow, let your vanity of having picked up some knowledge of superficial refinement carry you so far as to make your *capital* out of it. There are many men who have no earthly claim to be called gentlemen who are all glittering and sparkling with small items of culture—bits of crystal which they have broken away from grand caverns or mountains where they grew *naturally*, to stick into their own wretched little garden grottoes. Be a great cavern, be a mountain as much as you like, but do n't be a grotto down at the farther end of some gravel-walk or two of a social clique. Why, there's something *refreshing* to me, and grand, when I remember that here and there, among the poor, among humble mechanics and men of few opportunities, I have sometimes found as true a gentleman as ever lived—a man who scorned lies and meanness and shuffling and small 'cuteness' as he did the devil; a man who despised 'Yankee tricks,' and walked calmly by all chances to steal, no matter *what* form they took; a man who paid every one their dues; a man who was cleanly and clear-headed in all things; a man who was good-natured and naturally polite, never oppressing and never arrogant. There are such men, though very scarce, in check-shirts as well as in broad-cloth. There are too, some miserable demagogue writers who try to make out that the only real noblemen, such as I describe, are *only* among the poor. It's all gammon. I've seen cheating, and swindling, and trickery, and meanness among 'stalwart workmen' until I became sick of 'em, and was only restored by a counter-irritant in some thieving, wealthy vestryman or defaulting deacon. But I hold, for all this, that the great right soul and the real gentleman is often found among the poor, and so is the real lady.

And here I feel as if, though not one of your smart sort, I *could* write a book. When I think of the proud, *good* girls I have seen in poverty and sorrow; when I go over the generosity and kindness and hatred of every thing low and mean, which I've found among women in every rank, from first-family queens down to tattered Magdalens; when I remember that these cases among women are as ten to one compared to those among men, I wonder that any man one grade above a fool could have ever said any thing against the sex, as such. My good fellow, you may set it down for a queer speech, if you like, but I do assure, that in the long run, I've found much more gentlemanly (or really gentle and manly) conduct among ladies than among the lords of creation. Thus endeth the first lesson.

It was n't entirely a family affair; we aren't quite neighborless; could n't live so if we tried. Pretty soon the waving of white garments was seen afar through the trees, and there drew near Colonel Dottenburn and his niece Mabel, whose name has been twisted by

Bertha into Maple, Maple Sugar, and finally Sugar; at which point it bids fair to remain. Now, when any body gets a nick-name, there's always a great deal in it. When you hear an individual spoken of as Pud-sy, it's tolerably certain that he is n't a 'genteel soldier, tall and slim,' as the old song says; 'Zekle' do n't put you very strong in mind of the portraits of Lord Byron; and 'Poppy,' or 'Old Corky Jones,' are a long way off, in fact, I may say quite five miles out of town, from any thing like dignified reserve and the refined expression of the highfaluting. Ladies' nick-names of one another, however, though generally good, are n't *always* so descriptural of character. I've known more than one Virginia 'Pinkey,' who was a delicate and stately lily, and have even met with Judies, Mags, and one Goosey, (from Augusta,) all of whom might as well have been Blanched into the purity of the most white-rosey name in the world. This comes because men nick one another with entirely new names, while ladies simply change or work round the old one a little. I think if you'll reflect on this fact, reader, you'll find in it a sort of reason why so few women go in strong for original humorous writing, though so many of them are fond of fun. Well, however this may be, Sugar was certainly uncommonly well-fitted out with her name. A great many people really believed she'd been christened so, and Sam Batchelder reports that, once up to Saratoga he heard Old Mother Stoughton declare it was a sin and a burning shame to give a child such a name, 'just because she expected a little money from an uncle who'd been in the Cuba business.' And if the facts had been as reported, it certainly would have been a sin of pint tumbler dimensions.

Sugar was, say eighteen or twenty, but every thing about her recalled a going back to earlier youth, and even to a pleasant smiling little bit-of-a-girl-ishness. She was n't babyfied, or insipid, or silly, but she *was* innocent and naturally very good; did n't seem to have lost the trusting docility of the gentle child who loves and fears 'mother.' She intuitively shrunk from all that was wicked and low, and quite as naturally turned to 'nice people,' and, so far as I could see, her instincts in these matters stood in quite as good stead as some people's 'experience' does them. She had a fine natural perception of what was *right*, not merely in moral affairs, but also what it was proper to do or let alone in all the little questions of life or society, and so contrived to do a great deal which would have been called rather remarkable had it not been performed a great deal too naturally and unconsciously. Talk about modest merit's being admired! Do, I'd like to hear you! Why, you blessed simplex you, nine out of ten of the audience would n't notice that a dancer had made an astonishing perrywet or spindango curlicue if he did n't 'fetch up' with both hands stretched out and a back-action bow, as much as to say: 'There



you are, gentlemen and ladies! *That* was a touch of the genuine first-quality article, as performed in the first circles before Her Majesty!' And such being duly understood, down come the umbrella-ends and clap-handing like rifle cracks.

Little Sugar was a great pet among ladies, as a matter of course, and when she appeared at the 'festive,' was immediately pounced on by Amelia, Bertha, and Nella, even as wild Jerseymen pounce on a stranger. Her dress was smoothed, her shawl taken away, her hair fixed, she was kissed, shook out, caressed, and finally placed on a camp-stool, where the docile and unresisting Sugar was at once made to eat a sardine, despite doubtful misgivings as to whether she was hungry, and compelled to sip a sherry-cobbler, though very certain that she was n't dry. And as it was one of her accomplishments to be like most of us, given to making the best of every thing, and in knowing a good thing when she had it, and of having a high old time whenever she had half a chance, I need n't say that she was a most desirable acquisition, and went a long way toward jollyfying the party and making us all glad we'd come.

'Well, boys,' said Hiram, 'suppose we call it half a day's work; knock off and go a-fishing! Thompson's got all the apparatus, and we three can triangle that brook in scientific style, as sure as ——'

'Rats!' interrupted a voice behind a large flag which Thompson had draperied over a bough to conceal culinary operations. 'Just as sure as rats.'

And with this word a large dead musk-rat shot high in air and fell into our social circle, while from behind the curtain stalked out the powerful, slouching, lazy-moving form of our young friend Duff Pennybag.

This world is divided into bricks and sticks, and Duff, in spite of several set-offs, was one of the former. I can't deny that he was extremely rural in some things, or that such a performance as slinging a dead musk-rat in among his friends by way of announcing his approach was quite in keeping with a good many queer things which he used to do. Likewise, also, did Duff's mind run a great deal to horse, considerably to farm, much to country gossip, something to settling disputes by exerting muscle, and not a little to rollicking and frolicking among rustic people whom his respectable relations thought he'd better let alone. Yet, I must say, that with all the strong color and light of out-of-doors, which were so plain in Duff, I never could regard him as a come-downer. There is an age when, in one way or another every young man dives considerably; and if he do n't go down so low as to *stick*, is pretty sure to come up none the worse. Duff was on this dive, but I would bet on him any day that he'd come out drier than most. It was fortunate, perhaps, that his 'dissip' was not on the



town. He was generous as a prince, real good-looking, and had a great many odds and ends of cultivation which he had learned from his mother, which came sprinkling out among his hearty country bursts so often that even the ladies used to say, 'Well, Duff is a gentleman after all!'—he was a great favorite of Nella, who used to wish she had him in harness—'O Duff! I'd get a two-thirty trot out of you if there's virtue in a whip-lash, you great, strong, lazy creature!'—a compliment greatly relished by Duff, who would stretch out his great muscular frame and pass his eye over his arms with unsophisticated, rural self-gratulation as much as to say: 'Well, if I *do* run short on a few items, it certainly is n't on this sort of thing, and this is the great stand-by, after all.' And Mace Sloper cheerfully admits that when a man can lift himself by one finger, he *has* a great deal of solid good in him which all sorts of comparisons and learning can't belittle or take down. You may preach forever, Parson Spepsy; you won't knock the fact out of existence, that strong, healthy men and women, take 'em on an average, are the cups into which the best wine of life is poured. And when Master Spepsy and his like have found out, as they will some day, that beauty is an acceptable thing to the LORD, he will begin to 'marvel' whether it would n't be Christian-like and correct to do something toward training and bringing up young folks as well to health and good-looks as to simply educate 'em in the faith, that so long as they 'behave,' nothing else is of any real consequence.

And the day went by, as all good pic-nic days always do. Shall I tell how we fished in the brook, and by aid of the skilful Duff, brought back, after two hours, such a mess of trout as to amaze every body and delight Amelia with the prospect of a grand supper and a few left over for breakfast? Bless, you, dear reader—*you* in particular, I mean—do n't you remember the jolly feeling when you brought home *that* mess of fish a while ago, and how glad you were that the fun had n't been unprofitable, and how glad *she* was, and all the rest of 'em to hear of your luck!

Or how the immortal and inexhaustible Thompson, after our all-sorts of a tea-dinner-supper-collation had come off in the most triumphorous manner, prepared during coffee and cigars another grandissimal surprise. For just at the right moment, when this one was tilting out a glass of *Chart-roose*, (Nella says that word's the abridged *liquid* sound of Charlotte-russe;) when another was lighting a Partegas; when Bertha was nibbling confectionery in a most sisterly manner with Little Sugar, insisting on her taking 'just one *weeny* bite' of a stick of pistachio carmel; when Hiram was burning up and mixing an elegant mess of brandy and sugar; when Duff was trying hard to drop a cork so that it would fall on end; when Nella was hunting among

the almonds to find a phillipeener ; when Sam Batchelder was helping her, as if he were shelling out thousand-dollar notes for himself, and nary discount ; when Amelia was pouring out the Mocha ; when all were just in a busy, do-nothing-ism, there came from behind Thompson's flag-curtain a long sweep of music, so sudden and so queer, that we all gave a start.

'Good LORD ! Thompson,' cried Hiram, 'what 's that ?'

The reply was a full blast of music and a solemn tune played uncommonly well, though I thought I heard once or twice in it certain sniggering sounds, as if some unfortunate African were being slightly killed with holding in a laugh. When the tune was over, there came from behind the curtain, in grand procession, Thompson with a flute, his black aid with a banjo, and a venerable old cullud pusson with a fiddle—a very celebrated minstrel, who was privately believed by Thompson and others to be 'de wery best wiolin-ner in de whole worl'; de fac is, Mars' Sloper, I heerd Oly Bull myself and Poll Julyhen, and all dem fokes, and deys nowhar if you 'll jist impare old Ebenezer to dem.'

And it was a fact, that in his own peculiar way old Ebenezer seemed, leastways to Mace Sloper, to be as good a fiddler as he ever heard. But there were some among us who were judges, and had heard all the fine music of Europe, and *they* said the old man had a strange style, just as much his own as Gottschalk's bamboula and banjo were *his* own ; and if Gottschalk had been there *he* would have been the first to say it, for genius like his always meets truth half-way in an art, though it be in a poor old nigger. And so the day went out on music, until the stars rose and we went our way quietly and happily to the cottage. Only just as we got home Amelia seemed to recal something, and remarked, rather puzzled :

'I wonder why Hiram did n't finish that story about Mr. Brady ?'

And for some time after, though there had never seemed to me to be any thing in it, I noticed that Amelia and all the girls would, once in a while, very softly and artfully start Hiram off on the Brady track, and subside into great quietness when he professed not to remember any thing about it.

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TO ANNA.

Tibi bene ex animo volo.—TERENCE.

ALL through the regal glories of the summer-time,  
I loved, and kissed the very earth you trod upon, and waited:  
But now has come the Autumn in its fruitful prime,  
The rifted fields are all a-flame, but I'm not ANNA-mated.

Watertown, (N. Y.) 1860.

## A N H O U R W I T H W I N G S .

An hour with wings! — one hour with wings!  
With all celestial wingéd things  
That skyward start, and soar, and long  
To pour out all their soul in song:  
Or float, as on some silent river,  
Through yon fair fields of light forever.

An hour with wings! — one hour with wings!  
With any happy wingéd things:  
With thee, thou gossamer, golden creature,  
That in thy new superior nature  
Dost scorn the grovelling house of clay  
Where once thy thralléd being lay;  
Who knowest the hours of sunniest weather,  
And drinkest light and dew together.

Yet not with thee, who dost not dare  
To tempt the fields of upper air,  
And rather wouldst in state repose  
In the heart of summer's royal rose,  
Than reach a region more divine  
With those fair, fruitless wings of thine.  
Better a moment with sky-wing free,  
Than an age of thy garden liberty.

An hour with wings! — one hour with wings!  
With him who oft 'at heaven's gate sings';  
In one full rapturous song, expressing  
All blithest joy and silent blessing;  
Whose floods of harmonious fire are drawn  
From the sun-kissed peaks, and the heart of the dawn;  
In whose tremulous, passionate depths there lies  
The soul of the blue, mysterious skies:  
Oh! to be fetterless, buoyant, and free,  
To warble and soar though the heavens with thee!

An hour with wings! — one hour with wings!  
With the proud sun-gazer, the scorner of kings;  
Who needs not to utter his being in song,  
In the power of his silence, exulting and strong:  
Oh! for that path heaven-illuminated and glorious!  
Oh! for the strength of that silence victorious!

One rapturous hour with wings! — and lo!  
 From the struggling soul they arise and grow;  
 They flame like the dawn, and they burst like May,  
 From the frost-bound life and the shuddering clay;  
 From the troublous billows of sorrow and sin,  
 From the iron walls that prison them in;  
 To the sun, to the stars, to the life that lies  
 Beyond the opening gate of the skies;  
 To the new, sweet song, and the living springs,  
 For the soul is free — she hath found her wings!

E. S. O.

### REMEMBRANCES.

S O M E W H A T O F A N A L L E G O R Y .

It is the last of April. The birds have come back again from the South, and are calling and cooing to one another, giving welcome to old friends of last summer, and settling some little preliminaries among themselves while waiting for the buds and blossoms. . . .

At this very writing there's a great bright-breasted robin sitting up in the horse-chestnut tree by my window: she *pretends* to be picking something out from under her wing, but is all the time sending side-glances down into the tree, looking to see where the branches come together. She's caught my eye, and thinks how well she's deceiving me; but I know just what she's doing: she is making a rough calculation of how many twisted twigs and straws it will take to build a nest at the meeting of the branches, and whether the nest will be safe after it is built.

I wonder if she will conclude to build it here under my window? Neither I nor the little girls will ever disturb it. Yet if that robin could only understand me, I would tell her it was a bad tree to build in. She will get the north-east winds. She will have to build very firm and strong: she must twine and mat and twist all the straws and twigs together, and fasten all down tightly; or else, some windy day in June, when she flies up with a nice fresh worm in her bill, she will find the nest empty, and won't be able to get the little birds back again into the tree. She may see one or two of them on the ground, and, taking the worm down to them, fly up into the tree and sit by her empty nest, wondering if the little birds will follow her. Waiting awhile and watching, she will float down again upon the ground; then back again; then down again and back again: all the time going and coming, down again and back again, till the sun goes away behind the hill, and the dew begins to fall, and the little girls come in from under the trees, and the hen calls to her chickens, and

the cows, with great swinging bags, stand waiting at the bar-way, and the frogs croak along the brook in the meadow; down again and back again she will go and come; and then, in the quiet evening-time, sit all alone, and look into an empty nest. . . .

Now, do you think the robin's mate would ever sing again as sweetly as he did in May-time, when, sitting down on leafing branch, he knew that the one of his choice was lying quietly in the chestnut-tree, and nesting on her five blue eggs?

Is this curtain never to be lifted? must the shadow forever and forever creep along beside me? Is there no turning aside? is there no tree to break the sun-light, and, with waving branches, sweep the shadow behind me? Ah! no: the shadow may linger for a moment, and then the waving branches will let in the sun-light. That shadow has followed me so long, that it and I seem one: no tree, no hill, no rock, no sheltered nook can part the one from the other. I am going to follow that shadow, because, by-and-by, God's great sun will set, and then the shadow and I will be left alone together.

It is twilight time: the sun has gone away over the hill, and has left only crimson clouds for his rising token. Sitting down on the slaten rock, and looking westward, I said: 'It will be fair to-morrow.' Then, close by me, some one said: 'Fair, to-morrow.'

I thought I had found an echo, and, in the morning, would bring up the little girls to talk with it. Then, resting on my arm, I looked eastward, and watched the moon coming up, like a great ball of fire, (it was dry weather.) I watched it creeping up through the haze, when, close by me, some one said: '*Fair, to-morrow.*' Then I knew that the shadow had followed me up the slate rock, and was sitting by me in a white garment; so I thought there was no use of bringing up the children to hear the echo.

I did not know what to say to the shadow: I knew just who the shadow was: I tried to talk to her about earthly things; but she knew them all. I spoke to her of the little girls; and then, ah! then, nestling close down, and clasping me with shadowy arms, she said: 'I have watched over them.'

'Listen to me: I have something to tell you.'

So I laid my head dreamily down on the lap of the shadow. Then she said: 'I know the earth is fair and bright and beautiful; so fair and lovely, that good angels sometimes hover round, watching little children play, or guiding those who, older, more beloved, are lingering still behind; but the city where I live, though all shut in by

walls, is lovelier than earth. There are twelve great entrance-gates, and at each an angel stands, waiting and watching, lingering for the coming of the holy ones to the gate of pearl. We have no church in the city: the Eternal God is its Temple; no sun-light creeps over the wall; no moon-light plays in the streets. The whole city is lit by the effulgent glory of the one Eternal God.

‘Listen to me:

‘The gates of that city are not shut by day, and there is no night there. ‘Kings of the earth bring their honor to it,’ and God’s sentinel throws wide the gate at the tap of the ‘poor in spirit.’ . . . . I am one of the keepers of the Eastern Gate, and my watch is in the eleventh hour. Come and knock: I will open the gate.’ . . . .

Then she floated away and left me lying on the slaten rock, and all that I caught of her parting song was:

‘LISTEN to me,  
Listen to me:  
Far above the twinkling stars  
And far beyond the rising moon,  
Far above yon fiery MARS  
And far beyond the sun at noon,  
I have my home:  
Oh! — will — you come?’

Has the robin I have told you of no hope? Will there be no birds in next year’s nest? That robin will be happy one of these days, even though the strong east wind should for the once overturn her nest, and leave her no remembrances, save five blue empty shells.

These Remembrances must be broken in upon for a time. I have just received the following letter:

‘New-York, May 5th, 1860.

‘DEAR SIR: Yours of the first is duly at hand, and contents noted. Will you be kind enough to see that the inclosed are duly served? Send admission, service, etc., and oblige yours,

A ——— M ———.’

Well, now, I call that a very short and cool letter; but before making up our mind on that point, let’s read over the inclosure; here it is:

‘CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW-YORK, ss.:

‘—— —, of said city, being duly sworn, says: That on the eleventh day of May, A.D. 1860, at Pond Eddy Brook, in the county of Sullivan and State of New-York, he will take, with a hook and line, a trout, of the size of, and similar in all respects to, the trout hereto annexed, by means of a fly similar to the annexed fly, and of which the annexed fly is a copy.

‘Sworn before me, this first }  
day of May, 1860. }

‘ISAAC WALTON, Commissioner of Deeds.’

'SUPREME COURT, }  
SECOND DISTRICT. } At Chambers. Present—Justice PIKE.

'On reading and filing the foregoing affidavit, (and on filing the point of the hook of the annexed fly,) it is *Ordered*: That the matters in this action be referred to —, residing at —, in the county of Orange, to hear and determine the same, and that the parties attend before the said Referee, at the meadow on the above-mentioned brook, at twelve o'clock, morning of the eleventh inst. And that the said Referee have power to send for luncheon. It is farther ordered: That, the said Pond Eddy Brook be enjoined from disposing of any of its property or contents, until the further order of this Court.

'Enter.

(Copy.)

SHARP FISHER,  
Clerk.'

'Fees, ten cents.

... Well, now, I take back all I have said about this being a cool letter. I shall certainly report myself at the meadow at twelve o'clock on the eleventh; though I have some doubt as to how I am to get the fees of the referee, and also as to how I shall draw my 'report:' it will have to be very special.

By the way, I have forgotten something: attached to this affidavit and injunction (or *order*, as under that singular production, the *Code*, I believe it is now called) was a sketch of an enormous trout; and as though the paper was not large enough to demonstrate his *actual* size, there was written just underneath: 'Scale, one inch to a foot.' You will not wonder if I had quite a curiosity to find out just how long that trout was; so getting out my instruments, (which I sometimes use in surveying,) I proceeded to measure him. After I had made him three feet and a fraction from his head to the back-fin, I concluded to stop; so I put my instruments back in the box, and as I fitted each in its place, wondered what Barnum would give for such a tremendous creature.

The copy of the fly (likewise annexed to affidavit) was a fly *per se*. I don't know what to liken it to, except one of those horrid worms that drop down on the walk in summer-time, with great prickly horns growing out of their backs. The only way you could distinguish the head was by a round place like an *O* left for the eye; however, perhaps the prickly things were meant for the finest feathers.

We have been to the 'Pond Eddy Brook,' and have got back safely again. No. —, puffing and blowing, rolled us along the Delaware on the shelf-work of the E. R. R. We wondered at man's great energy, when we thought of the narrow lodge on which we were riding, and looking over against us, thought of his perseverance and foresightedness, when we saw the slope wall and the narrow winding belt of water, where the canal-boats were going, all loaded deep down with great masses of coal; we thought that some cold day next



winter-time, sitting in our cosy room by the grate, we would stretch out our hands and say :

‘Ah ! ah ! I am warm :  
I have felt the fire.’

One moment : let us thank the GIVER of the heat. Remember that far below the shelf-rock of the rail-way, and far below the windings and twistings of the canal, the ‘Delaware’ flows along ; now widening out into great eddies, where huge pine logs float round in circles, and then rushing over rocks and dancing away in rapids, as though glad to escape from the eddying whirl. That river is God’s ‘common highway ;’ and the sun-light, as it played among the rapids and lighted up the deep dark eddies, taught me at least that God, by the flowing of a river, was the first GREAT ARCHITECT and BUILDER both of rail-road and canal.

Here’s the report of the referee :

‘TO THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK :

‘In pursuance and by virtue of an order of this Court, made in the above action, bearing date the first day of May, A.D. 1860, by which it was referred to me as sole referee, to hear and determine the same, I, the subscriber, respectfully report : That on the said eleventh day of May, I duly attended at the meadow on the Pond Eddy Brook, provided with luncheon, etc. ; that the said — was himself present, with all necessary tackle and appliances ; that he did not, at any time during said day, take a trout of the size of, or in any respects similar to, the copy of the trout annexed to his affidavit, either by means of fly or worm.

‘And I do further report that schedule ‘A,’ hereto annexed, and making part of this my report, contains a true measurement, on a scale of ‘one inch’ to a foot, of the trout taken by the said —.

‘All of which is respectfully submitted.

—, Referee.

‘Dated June first, 1860.

‘Fees, ten dollars.

Well, now, all that has gone before may seem light and careless. Yet, while I wrote it, the shadow was lifted ; but now some one is drawing down the curtain, and shutting out the sunlight—the gloominess is coming : ‘Every heart knoweth its own bitterness ;’ so I will go down where the bright lamp is burning, and where the merry voices come from. . . . It is absolutely necessary that we should all study and learn the great doctrine of human sympathy : when one learns it rightly, he will find its true meaning in the bosom of his family.

## AMABEL: A BALLAD.

## I.

Oh! sweet the breeze came 'cross the hills and o'er the grassy meadows,  
In bright spring mornings long ago, when BEL and I were young;  
But youth is gone and BEL is dead, and naught is left but sorrow,  
And memory only wails and croons the songs which have been sung.

## II.

How gay upon the wooded hill, close by the peaceful river,  
The laurel-blooms in early June swung censers in the air,  
Or on the piney reaches grew the dark-veined lady's-slipper,  
And in the shady rocky clefts the tender maiden's-hair.

## III.

How on the pond in early morn we pulled the water-lilies,  
Or 'neath o'erhanging willows saw the shadows come and go;  
Watched by the mill, our tiny boats sink in the whirling eddies,  
Or bent to drink from mossy spring the waters' bubbling flow.

## IV.

They say that after-years efface our early recollections,  
That man 'mid sterner toils derides the pleasures of the boy,  
The flight of years brings cares enow, and bitter, sad reflections —  
Fills up the cup of sorrow, but gives little to enjoy.

## V.

The snow had whitened all the hills through thrice a score of winters,  
The snow had fallen on my brow and whitened all my hair,  
But in my heart the blossoms bloomed as in life's early morning,  
A warmth of love had made a clime of endless summer there.

## VI.

For what to me was memory and all her store of gladness?  
And wherefore conjure up the past when all was fair and bright?  
The soul may know so much of joy as not to dream of sadness,  
May live so long in sun-shine as to little reck of night.

## VII.

O heart of mine! be still, nor check with groans the sad relation,  
O bitter thoughts! curse not too deep the lowering April day!  
Sad mourning soul, be taught to bear with peaceful resignation,  
And learn that ONE who doeth well called AMABEL away.

## VIII.

Nay, do not ask me how it chanced ; my heart was near to breaking :  
They told me God had taken her ; I laughed in crazy glee ;  
And months fled by of which e'en now my memory gives no token :  
That she be taken — I be left — I knew it could not be.

## IX.

One morning, when the April showers were calling to the blossoms,  
I left her, smiling an adieu, to hasten to the town ;  
And merrily I cheered my team, and thought of all my blessings,  
As through the dripping wood I drove, and o'er the meadows brown.

## X.

And when the Night came o'er the hills, and trailed her starry garments,  
I reached the bottom of the lane which rose up to my door,  
I strained my eyes, as wont, to catch the candles' cheerful glimmer :  
But all was dark — my spirit sunk — it ne'er was so before.

## XI.

They told me AMABEL was dead : I only laughed, and jeered them ;  
And then, alas ! I know not what ; perchance, may never know :  
'T was April then : when next I woke, the grapes were turning purple,  
And all the air was freighted with the clematis ablow.

## XII.

Then Memory came, and, as a friend, warm clasped my wasted fingers,  
And gave the eye a newer life it ne'er had known before :  
Since then the Present has no voice, save in the charms of Nature,  
Which whisper softly to a soul which lives in days of yore.

## XIII.

The Future : yes, I muse on that ; for there a crown awaiteth ;  
My snowy locks, my furrowed cheeks tell I am almost there ;  
My soul is crowned by Memory with wreaths of earthly roses ;  
But Faith has twined a garland bright, more lasting and more fair.

## XIV.

Not many years, my AMABEL, the apple-trees shall blossom,  
Before the blessed word shall come, to set my spirit free :  
The chain that binds our kindred souls grows daily stronger, brighter,  
On which my longing soul shall pass, my AMABEL, to thee.

*Boston, 1860.*

## A PRACTICAL JOKE.

I HAVE heard it said that 'all the world and his wife' were in London in 1851 to see the Crystal Palace: of course I was there, and, after spending most of my mornings in the wonderful structure, systematically examining, catalogue in hand, one thing at a time — I used to drive out every afternoon to the neighborhood of the beautiful and far-famed Richmond Hill, to Bellevue, the residence of a very estimable family, whose guest I was.

It was exceedingly pleasant to see how affectionately disposed the members of the family were to each other. It was therefore with some surprise and, I must own, a little distrust, that I one day saw Mr. Morton, our host, chastise his son, a mere lad, with what struck me as being uncalled-for severity, as his only fault had been playing a trick upon one of the servants. As the cane descended, poor Bob's voice ascended, but above all could be heard the father, as, stern for once in his life, he said: 'I have punished you before, my dear boy, for practising jokes, and I am determined that they shall cease.' After some more admonition of each kind, he rested from his labor of love.

The family physician, who was spending the afternoon with the Mortons, also witnessed the caning, and, no doubt, seeing astonishment depicted on my face, referred to the subject a day or two afterward as we were driving to town together, assuring me that I would not wonder at Mr. Morton's horror of practical jokes, if I knew the great family affliction which was brought about by one in the very house in which they were then living.

'Although it is a sad story,' said he, 'I will relate the circumstances if you would like to hear them.' As I confessed my interest, and hoped that the narration would not be too painful, he began:

'You may have noticed that although you have been shown through the rest of the house, there is one room which is kept carefully locked, and no direct reference is made to it. It is said, that at least once every year a goblin, or ghost, or whatever you might choose to call it, made its appearance there in shape even more ghastly than the conventional sheet, in short, it assumed the form of a human skeleton. Whatever foundation there may be for the story, the room certainly went by the name of 'the haunted chamber,' and was not used, although the latter fact was probably owing to the reason that there was plenty of space beside in the house. Well, not many years ago, (in fact, the occurrence is within the remembrance of many persons,) the family residing in Bellevue consisted of an elderly couple and

their three grown children, two boys and a girl, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty. Nothing could exceed the attachment which existed between these two brothers and their sister. Although in a less degree the same cordiality was extended to a somewhat older friend, named Lennox, between whom and the brothers a strong feeling of intimacy had sprung up while at college, a feeling which was cemented by vacation visits and otherwise to such an extent, that in a couple of years the union of the families by the marriage of George Lennox and Lucy Morton was looked upon not only as a 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' but as an *esse in futuro*.

'Soon after leaving college, Lennox obtained an ensigncy in the Indian army, and after an affectionate parting, left England to join his regiment and accompany it in its short and disastrous campaign in Afghanistan. After the war, during which he was twice wounded, he wrote home to say that he had applied for leave of absence, and that on his return, which would be in a few weeks, he would claim Lucy for a bride, she having by this time attained the age which the parents thought suitable. The whole household was delighted, both at George's safety and at his soon expected return, and perhaps, though less demonstrative, none felt more intense though calmer joy than Lucy, whose heart, as well as prayers, had followed George through all his perils.

'It is unnecessary to describe the meeting when George, somewhat tanned and formidably moustachio-ed, returned from his campaign. Lucy, the dear girl, began her preparations for the wedding, and George meanwhile took up his abode at Bellevue, as did also some other young friends of the family.

'With books, chess, fencing, and more athletic sports, several days were spent most happily, till unfortunately one morning the conversation happened to turn on courage, and in the course of the argument, one of the visitors named Forbes, addressing George, said, with some appearance of warmth, that there were situations, as for instance, where supernatural sights and sounds were supposed, in which no man on earth could retain courage and coolness. Now, both these qualities George was known to possess to an eminent degree; indeed, on one occasion he had, single-handed, saved the regimental colors when in imminent danger of being captured: he smiled, therefore, as he said that never having had the pleasure of meeting a ghost, he could not declare what he *had* done on the occasion; but, as he did not believe that disembodied spirits walked the earth, he had no doubt he would act upon the belief that some imposture was being practised upon him, and would treat the ghost as he believed the appearance really was, in most if not in all cases, a person in disguise. Forbes then, with some eagerness, asked him if he would pass a night

in the haunted chamber ; George replied that undoubtedly he would, and that moreover, he would take a pistol on watch with him, and try the effect of a bullet on the phantom.

‘Forbes told Stephen Morton of George’s resolution, and asked his assistance in a project which he had in view. Morton replied, that as far as tradition went, any one might sleep in the haunted chamber with impunity, except on a certain night in November ; but Forbes said his scheme was to disguise some person as the skeleton, and for this purpose he thought Stephen was well qualified, as he was tall and thin. Stephen had no objection in the world to play ghost, but said he had several reasons for not wishing to be a target for George, who was a dead shot — one of his objections being based on the decided unwholesomeness of lead when violently introduced into the system. But Forbes quieted his fears by declaring that of course the experiment should not be tried unless he could, unknown to George, extract the bullet from his pistol. It was therefore decided that Morton should be dressed in thin black tights, which their amateur-theatrical wardrobe would provide, and should have the ribs and all the bones chalked or painted on this black surface, trusting to the dim light afforded by one candle, and also to the trepidation which it was premised George would experience, to hide the imposture.

‘Poor Morton was delighted, and was very much in favor of making a terrific speech, beginning with ‘unhappy mortal,’ or something to the same effect, and making his appearance in a flash of lightning, or at least of *lycopodium*. However, Forbes declaimed strongly against the likelihood of a skeleton speaking, for, as he forcibly put it, ‘where would he keep his wind ?’ and thought it would be much more dignified for the phantom after he was discovered, merely to move forward slowly, receive the supposed shot from George, and if the latter had neither yelled, run away, nor fainted — and one of these contingencies Forbes thought likely — then the imposition was to be acknowledged, those on the look-out at the door would enter, and they would all enjoy a hearty laugh at their want of success.

Of course, as it was likely that a pistol would be fired in the house at or about mid-night, it was necessary that all the family should know as much about the affair as George did, namely, that he had received and accepted a challenge to pass a night in the haunted chamber, the young men having been let into the whole secret. The manner in which George’s resolution was commented upon was characteristic : the father, who was a disbeliever in ghosts, said, ‘Nonsense,’ in the most decided manner ; the mother, more doubtful, said, ‘I hope no harm will come of it ;’ while Lucy, who was startled at the proposal, seemed anxious ; her English common-sense, which told her that ghosts could not or rather do not appear, struggling in her mind

with tradition, which vouched for so many appearances of them ; and, as upon retiring, she bade George 'Good-night,' perhaps she had a presentiment of evil, for her voice faltered, while she added with a forced smile : 'I also will keep watch in my room, to hear the first news ; take good care of yourself.'

'And now George having selected one of a pair of pistols which Forbes had hunted up for the occasion, loaded it, at the same time dropping a hint or two about his skill with the weapon, and having again declared his intention to fire at any unusual object, he wished them 'pleasant dreams' laughingly, and closing the only door of the haunted room after him, he reconnoitred by looking under the bed and out of the window, which is at some distance from the ground, and then, to the dismay of the outsiders, who in their stocking-feet listened to the whispered report of one of their number who was stationed at the key-hole, he placed his chair against the door and sat down there, effectually barring all entrance, without his knowledge, to any thing bodily.

'The stocking-footed council was in consternation. Some of the members had already suggested giving it up as a bad job, and the only medical student in the party paused in handling the brush, although the skeleton had by no means his full complement of bones ; but after some consideration, a ladder was proposed in connection with the window ; the idea was approved of, and two of the party booted and started for the gardener's ladder, which was silently raised against the window. By this time Morton had his bones anatomically depicted on his exterior, and all that remained was to wait until George dozed.

'As George had resolved to keep awake at least till mid-night, he had taken a book, but as the hour of twelve approached, he laid the book aside and handled the pistol ; presently he put that down, and began to consider the evidence corroborating the appearance of spirits. He could not deny that there was strong testimony in favor of the theory ; but the thought that if a phantom had power to injure him, such a course would be contrary to justice, reassured him. Yet the stillness and a vague feeling of expectation were depressing, and it was with a feeling of relief that he heard the drawing-room clock strike twelve. 'Now then,' thought he, 'for something ;' but as the 'witching hour' passed by and nothing appeared, his only feeling was one of vexation that he should have volunteered to lose his rest, although it was some consolation to know that Lucy had promised to keep awake ; this led to another series of thoughts and to castle-building, until the welcome sight of George nodding, was presented to the strained eyes, or rather eye of the watcher, who immediately communicated the intelligence to the plotters, most of whom were by this



time asleep in the most comfortable positions which the chairs, the staircase, and the floor admitted of. After several starts and ineffectual attempts to keep awake, George let his head drop upon the table.

'The time for action having come, the skeleton climbed the ladder rather anxiously, crept in at the window, and cautiously approaching the table, substituted for the pistol lying upon it, the other one of the pair, and which, of course, was minus a bullet. Having concealed the loaded pistol and taken his position, all that remained was for George to be awakened. As Morton was considering about some ghostly means of doing this, he was saved the trouble by the dog which had followed him to the foot of the ladder, and which, becoming impatient at his absence, began to bark. At the first sound George started, saw the figure, passed his hand over his eyes, and making the object out more distinctly, he seized the pistol and started up with the challenge: 'Who's there?' Although Morton was itching to make a speech, he remained silent, while George, speaking somewhat hurriedly, said: 'If you are human, I advise you to throw aside your disguise, for I will certainly fire at you; if not of this world — why, I'll have a shot at you at any rate!' Receiving no answer, he steadily took aim, saying, 'I will fire at the word 'three,' and I never miss my aim. One — two — three!' The pistol went off harmlessly, of course, but with a result upon George entirely unlooked for; being sure of his aim, he could not account for the figure not only being unhurt, but now even approaching him steadily; his feelings seemed wrought up to a frenzy, and almost as quick as thought he thrust his hand into the breast of his coat, drew a small pocket-pistol, the existence of which no one had dreamed of, and before a word of warning could be spoken, he had fired it full at Morton, who dropped down dead at his feet!

'Meanwhile, the outsiders impatiently awaited the *dénouement*; they had heard George speak and then fire, and while they were hesitating about entering, they heard the second report, and their hearts sank at the sound: they rushed in, and found their worst fears realized. As they raised the body, one of them said: 'Poor Stephen.' 'Merciful God!' exclaimed George, 'my friend — *her* brother!' But I cannot describe the heart-rending scene, perhaps you can picture it to yourself.'

As my informant ceased at this point, I asked: 'But what became of the other actors?'

'Forbes and Lennox,' said he, 'gave themselves up at once to the authorities; of course nothing could be done to them, although the former frantically declared, that having been the instigator of the plot, he must suffer or he would go mad, and sure enough he died in a private asylum, after being tormented for several months by imagi-

nary skeletons. The medical student is now the family physician. Lennox of course returned no more to the house: his leave of absence soon expiring, he rejoined his regiment, almost reckless of his life, which he lost in a tiger-hunt. Poor Lucy pined away and died of a broken heart — if ever there was an instance of the malady.'

'Our host thus lost two friends, a brother and a sister. Do you wonder at his antipathy for practical jokes?'

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CLEOPATRA ON PAXO.

O ANTONY! our island rest,  
All day before the battle. This our heaven!  
I am the Queen of more than Egypt now!  
These proud high-crested waves encircle more  
Than the Nile floods; and yonder setting sun  
Crowns us forever happy king and queen!

Lo! there, in the bright west, your Italy:  
They say I lost you once, with half the world!  
Perhaps so. Well, I gave you more — myself:  
Is't not more? Which is fairer, ANTONY?  
Now, as the sun gilds both, which would you choose?

But you must win all back to-morrow, else  
You lose your queen. I love but conquerors!  
So CÆSAR — for he had the world; and you —  
For you could get it. It is said that Jove  
Won Juno on the Locrian height, i' the guise  
Of a drenched cuckoo flying to her breast.  
Tame queen! She should have made him brave the storm,  
Then come and take her bosom like a king!  
So must you come to-morrow, ANTONY!

Remember Egypt — not FULVIA nor OCTAVIA:  
They were tame, too — but CLEOPATRA, queen!  
Remember Egypt, ANTONY; the barge  
In which we rode in triumph up the Nile,  
Past Memphis and the hundred-gated Thebes;  
And then our Alexandrian revels sweet!

You must not fail, to-morrow, ANTONY:  
You have a strong force there at Actium;  
A stronger here: OCTAVIUS, nothing like.  
Another sun-set, we shall rule the World!  
—— To-morrow, ANTONY!

## LITTLE TALKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ST. LEGER' PAPERS.

As I left the city night before last — it was about six o'clock — I was accosted by a man who had the appearance of a journeyman mechanic. He spoke in French, and asked me if I would please direct him to some street which he was unable to render intelligibly to me, owing to his not knowing how to pronounce it. I could understand, however, his pronunciation of 'Hound's-Ditch,' a well known locality near which the street in question was situated. He attempted to write it, but he made worse work in spelling than pronouncing. I entered into conversation with the man. I asked him how long he had been in London: he said two days. He told me further, that being a 'Republican,' he had unfortunately made several too conspicuous demonstrations, among which was singing the 'Marseillaise Hymn' in the street one evening. There was an order out for his arrest; and he fled from Paris, with his wife and his three children, and with just money enough to enable him to reach London. By the kindness of a French hair-dresser, a room had been provided for his family, and he was now on his way to the street he inquired for, in hopes to find a man who he thought would give him work. He had first to go there, and then to walk back to his room — a distance of four miles. This man was plainly but decently dressed; his garments were coarse, but in good order, while his face was gaunt, and appeared to have suddenly become care-worn and wrinkled, (he was not over thirty,) while his eyes shone with the desperation of hunger, anxiety, and fatigue. I asked the man if he knew the individual he was in search of. No: he did not; but had been recommended to him. I asked if he had applied to the French Benevolent Society for relief. Yes: he had; but was told that the man who was an enemy to the Emperor deserved no relief. Not able to speak one word of English, half-frantic for his wife and children, a stranger in a foreign land — his case indeed was pitiful. Up to this time, he had asked for no assistance: he had simply told his story, in answer to my inquiries. But as he was preparing to go on, he said: 'Sir, I know not if you have the will to aid me; but if you would take me to a baker's shop, and buy me a loaf of bread, I should feel as if an angel had dropped out of heaven to relieve me. I have not tasted a mouthful of food to-day.' I was greatly impressed with the intensity of this appeal. Its terms were a little extravagant, perhaps; but if one

does not know what it is to have starvation staring in their face, one should not criticise too closely the poor creature who *is* starving. I gave the Frenchman some money — enough to make his family comfortable for the night. The poor fellow would have gone down on his knees, if I had permitted it. He seized my hand, kissed it, and poured out so many thanks, that I was fain to point hastily once more the way to Hound's-Ditch; and telling him to inquire farther when he reached there, I made my escape — for the scene was beginning to attract attention — and pursued my way to my own apartment, thinking how happy it made one to confer happiness, and how easy true enjoyment is to be purchased.

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UNTIL last year, I have been in the habit of staying at one place in London, during my visits there, since 1842. But on arriving a year ago, I found the family had given up taking boarders, and moved away. Still I did not lose sight of the locality, for it was associated in my mind with many pleasing recollections. There was the old street crossing sweeper, who used to greet me with a welcome, year after year, on my coming to London. I had talked a good deal with him, and inquired about his family. He was an old man of past sixty, always dressed with cleanliness, but in clothes which had evidently been given to him. He was thin and weakly-looking, but always cheerful. His wife, he said, had been dead many years; but, thank God, he had children who looked after him. Then he always inquired about *my* family, and seemed to be pleased at my account of them. Well, this year, when I came to London, I went one day, being near the place, to see if the old man was still at his work. He was not. I looked up the street and down the street, this way and that, but I could not see him. I asked myself, Is the poor old creature at last gone? Has he swept his crossing for the last time, and departed on his long journey? It made me feel quite sad not to find him. There was no other person in his place, and this led me to hope he was temporarily absent; but, after a lapse of several weeks, during which I had frequently passed the spot without seeing him, I gave him up, as at least having deserted that locality, if indeed he was alive. But I was mistaken. This morning I saw him! I saw him at work, at the old crossing, touching his hat respectfully to every one who passed — he never asked for his penny, as many do — and, indeed, lifting his hat quite from his head, as he recognized a patron. He saw me a long way off, and knew me. I hastened to inquire the cause of his long absence. I need not have asked. His look of debility, his meagre frame, and his pale face, spoke in response. He had been ill for many weeks. He did not expect ever again to

come back to his crossing, and greet his kind friends once more. But God was good. His eyes were permitted once more to behold the sun; and, indeed, having come only that morning to resume his place at the corner, it was pleasant to see the light of day on the open street, and the people walking and riding, and the world full of life and motion. Yes: although an old man, all this was very pleasant to him. He said he felt very weak, but nevertheless well, and quite ready to commence his work. He made many inquiries of me: Had I always been well, and my family? It was a great ways to America, and yet I crossed the wide sea often. I gave my old friend a shilling, (twenty-five cents.) He was greatly pleased. 'Ah!' he said, 'this is what you have done often before.' And he hoped for me every thing that was good. Then he looked very pleasantly at the shilling, and put it in his pocket. I took my leave. At the next block I turned to look at him. He was showing the shilling to a laborer, and pointing toward me. His first day was evidently a pleasant one.

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THERE were two little children, a boy and a girl, one eleven and the other nine years old, who lived with their mother in a dirty, miserable part of London. The father had been long dead, and until lately, the mother was able to clothe these two children by doing plain sewing. But last year she caught a severe cold, and that brought on consumption. She grew very pale and thin; she coughed a great deal; she could no longer sleep at night, until she wasted away almost to a shadow. The poor children had but little idea of what death was: so when one day, after a severe fit of coughing, mamma called them to her and told them she was going to die, they opened their eyes with wonder, as if they did not quite understand her; but when she said, 'My dear children, very soon and you will see mamma no more,' they both burst into tears and wept bitterly. Now, this poor woman received a loaf of bread from the parish three times a week. The day the loaf was delivered was a happy day, because it tasted better to the children when it was fresh, and they liked to look on the nice uncut loaf. Before their mother took sick, they had always some butter to eat with their bread, and frequently a little weak tea; now, the meal was bread, and bread only. While these poor children were crying, their mother was heard to heave a deep sigh, and clasping her hands together, with a prayer on her lips, she expired. Oh! how desolate were the hearts of these forlorn little ones. But presently a poor neighbor came in, and seeing that the woman was dead, took the children out of the room and went and told the parish officer, because the funeral must be at public expense. This funeral

took place the next day. None of the miserable inhabitants around could afford to take care of the children. The landlord took immediate possession of the room, and what was to become of them? This was a day or two before Christmas, but the weather was mild. They went and slept close together under a large portico, and in the morning, having finished a crust between them, they started to go into the country to a large wood, where they were told there was an abundance of mistletoe and holly. This they expected to sell in the market or elsewhere, for Christmas use. Well, they walked six long weary miles to the wood. No mistletoe or holly grew there! Then their little hearts sank very low. They were hungry, weary, disconsolate. They trudged back into London, to the door of the room where they used to live, and sitting down before it, they cried together till they fell asleep. Here they were found in the morning by a charitable visiting-agent, more dead than alive. They told their story. It interested some persons, who were benevolent and kind-hearted, to whom the agent repeated it. The children were taken to a comfortable place, fed and washed, and provided with clothes. They both go to school now. The boy will be taught a trade, and the girl placed in a nice family when she gets large enough. Are you not glad they have been taken care of?

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THIS afternoon, after leaving the city, I walked up Regent-street. Near this street, my curiosity was attracted by the funny conduct of a man and a woman, who appeared to be arranging a table in the middle of the street. I could not think what they were going to do, so I stopped and watched them: I secured a place near them, and saw that they took from under the table a cage-full of little Canary-birds and also three little mice. One of the mice was white and two were gray. How fast the crowd collected when the birds and mice were produced! I did not know as I should be able to keep my place, but I thought I might see something to tell my little girls which would make them happy, and papa never misses an opportunity if he can help it. So I stood still, and gave the woman some money. Then she made the people stand back, so I could see the better. And what do you think I did see? I will tell you: the man first put up a little pole at least six feet high, with a very small flag on the top of it. Then he said: 'White mouse, go up and bring down that flag.' White mouse obeyed, but coming down he unfortunately dropped it, which was very unpleasant for him, for he had to return and do it over again, which he did carefully and with success, but not till the man had held up a little cannon and threatened to shoot poor white mouse if he did not return and bring the flag down. Then the poor fellow

scrambled back and brought the flag, and then ran to his box. Then the man said to one of the little birds, 'Mrs. Caudle, come here,' and the bird went up and stood as still as possible while he put a little dress and bonnet on her, just such as women would wear; then the man placed her in a little carriage on the back-seat; then he said to another little bird, 'John, the coachman, come here,' and the bird walked up in his turn and allowed himself to be dressed in a coat and pantaloons and hat; then he placed him on the front-seat and called to another bird, and said, 'Come here, Pony, and draw Mrs. Caudle to church;' so the bird came and put his head through a little harness, just like a horse, and drew the carriage all around the table. How the people did laugh and clap their hands! Then the man took one of the gray mice and harnessed him to a little wagon, and a little bird to another wagon, and placed them side by side, and said to them: 'Now, pay attention: I shall say one — two — three, and when I say *three* you must both start together, and the one that beats in the race shall have a nice piece of cake.' Now, Julia, which do you guess beat? Which do you, Cornelia? And you, Eunice? It was the *mouse*. So he got the cake, and he ate it up quick enough. Then the man said he should hold a court to try a bird who was accused of murder. He dressed up one bird as a judge and put him on a bench, to try the cause. Then they took one of the other birds before him as a prisoner. Then the man asked the judge, 'Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty? If not guilty, please shake your head; if guilty, nod your head.' Then the judge nodded his head — guilty. Then the man asked, 'Shall we hang the prisoner or shoot him.' The judge nodded his head to shoot him. The man then loaded a little cannon as large as your thumb, with real powder, and called the executioner (another bird) to fire it off with a match. The cannon went off with a great bang, and the little bird fell over and pretended he was dead. So the other birds came, all dressed in black, and carried him into the cage. But I noticed the dead bird jumped up as quick afterward, as the little girl used to when papa played giant and was going to roast her for breakfast. Then the man made the other gray mouse walk a tight-rope with his feet up, a long stick in his mouth — a flag at each end — one flag blue, the other red. Then he took a little whistle and blew three times, and all the birds and the three mice got into their cages, and that was the end of the show. Was it not a nice one? I wish you could have seen it.

## A T H O U G H T.

'If all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prisoned in Life's narrow bound:  
If, travellers in this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond:

'Oh! what could check the rising sigh?  
What earthly thing could pleasure give?  
Oh! who would venture then to die?  
Oh! who would venture then to live?'



## S A T I S F I E D .

## A HASTEFUL REPLY TO 'UNSATISFIED.'

## I.

CALMLY and bravely an aged man  
Traversed a sea-washed shore;  
Like heavenly eyes the starry lights  
The worshipful waves hung o'er:  
The billows had never a stormy swell  
For him, nor an angry roar.

## II.

The friendly winds came over the sea,  
Brushing his silvery hair,  
Laden with fragrance and melody —  
Wooing, they welcomed him there:  
Enraptured he gazed on the quiet sea,  
Whispering a grateful prayer.

## III.

'Praise for the blessing of human life!  
Its hopes are not deceiving:  
'Tis full of good in its promises,  
And true as Truth in giving:  
Thanks, thanks to THEE, for the life  
of man!  
Rejoice in the boon of living.

## IV.

'I've journeyed along its great high-  
ways,  
And rested at every stage,  
And this is the wisdom I've gleaned  
withal,  
From childhood to hoary age:  
'Tis peace and love, with never a war,  
Excepting what fools may wage.

## V.

'First, when flushed with hopes and  
youth,  
And trusting, as youth is wont,  
I followed the beautiful teacher, Truth,  
And drank from her crystal fount:  
Oh! the draught was sweet as the  
living spring  
That flows from the classic mount.

*Hazel Valley, Illinois.*

## VI.

'The Pure and True — two nymphs  
divine —  
Attracted my 'raptured eyes;  
They led me up with pleasant songs  
Of Peace and of Paradise:  
The fruits and flowers they gave to  
me  
Were types of the coming skies.

## VII.

Then I cried: 'Oh! joy: this earthly  
life  
Is a prophetess sent from God:  
I'll cherish its good, its evil bear;  
If chastened, I'll kiss the rod:  
For of all the fools on this fruitful  
earth —  
Will-worshippers, great and small —  
The man that weds his soul to SELF,  
Is the silliest fool of all!'

## VIII.

Resting in this, well satisfied,  
Unselfish of wealth or fame,  
He labored and waited, long and  
well,  
Till the meed of merit came;  
And the end of all, to this truthful  
man,  
Were peace, and a cherished name.

## IX.

The winds came softly over the sea,  
Like a voice from another shore:  
The brave old man looked up to the  
sky,  
And a smile his features wore:  
Gazing hopefully out to sea,  
Low murmuring o'er and o'er:  
'A lovely and loving earth behind,  
And beyond — the promised shore.'

T. H. U.

## LEGENDS OF THE SENECA.

CENTRAL New-York is legendary if not classic ground, and no one of its chain of lesser lakes bears more ample records than the yet unfathomed Seneca. Its blue depths defy the winter's ice, and shrink not beneath the summer's sun. It now lies as calmly within an encircling domain of cultivated fields as when shadowed by deep forests, only wafting upon its undulating surface the light canoe of the Indian, or perchance the swift bark of the dusky maidens and their half-breed Queen, Catherine Montour. Hapless daughter of a hapless race, perishing by the sword of civilization — the first fruits of the sacrifice.

It is very pleasant of a summer afternoon to take an excursion to Painted Rock, a high, over-hanging ledge, about a mile down the eastern bank of the Seneca. It yet retains some traces of the red Indian paint which gave it a name, and is only remarkable for the narrow, rugged path inclining down its face, now terminating about twenty feet from the ground. For several rods there is a caving in of the rock at the base, where a large number of persons might be concealed, and could only be discovered by descending this path or approaching through the waters of the lake with boats. Traditionary lore accepts this rocky path as a freak of nature, and appeals to no written history for a detail of General Sullivan's adventure here. It is said, that as he was slowly pursuing his exterminating march through the forests in 1799, he passed down the eastern shore of Seneca Lake, cutting a road, and to his surprise, entirely unmolested by Indians. In fact, he failed to find any, and after proceeding ten miles, came to a picturesque point of land extending into the lake, now known as Peach-Orchard Point, and then covered with flourishing peach-trees in all the glory of their early ripening. All was silent as the dead, the huts deserted, the canoes gone, and the depression of a sultry summer-day deepening the ominous gloom. General Sullivan's orders were 'extermination,' and so the rich orchards were hewed down, the cabins burned, and the broad corn-fields laid waste. Convinced that their owners were in ambush not far distant, he determined to hunt them to their lair, and accordingly returned toward the southern extremity of the lake, finally discovering a faint trail leading to a precipice, down which passed the narrow and dangerous path of the Painted Rock. The first soldier unwarily attempting to descend it, was shot, and the second, and thus was the retreat of the Indians discovered. This was the only possible approach, except by the lake; and leaving a guard at the pass, Sullivan journeyed back with his main force to the head of the lake: and here traditions are at variance,

one affirming that he there built a raft and floated down opposite the rock, dealing summary death to the two hundred savages there assembled, with no chance of escape; the other states that he passed down the opposite shore of the lake, and planting his cannon, dealt swift destruction to the foe. Either account is entirely credible, and seems murderous enough to have dyed the rock an enduring hue of blood. This slaty rock has no striking features, save the singular zig-zag path, and is only visited on account of its historical legend. Names innumerable are carved high up the rock, and a beautiful female face was once there carved and painted in dusky hues by some daring artist.

This is no tame sylvan region, but a land of bold outlines and varying scenery. Half-way up the lofty hill that shuts in the valley of the lake on the east, the shining spires of Geneva may be discerned forty miles distant; while on the south, Havana extends over the valley; and across a swamp, directly opposite, the beautiful village of Watkins nestles under the hill. The inlet, a broad stream, winds through the green and waving swamp-plain of many hundred acres which separates the two villages, Watkins and Havana. This plain is still further diversified by two canals, a rail-road, and the varying waters of Mill Creek, which flow through 'Glen Maria,' a rocky defile just south of Watkins, damp, gloomy, and grand. Some sudden convulsion must have rent the solid rocks, now worn into a variety of shapes by the water, which leaps in torrents, whirls in eddies, or floats smoothly over pits of a dangerous depth. By the aid of steps, it is now safely entered, although the path is narrow and slippery. Many years ago a strange lady succeeded in climbing the rocks — the first female who had ventured to explore its mysteries — and her name, 'Maria,' has been transferred to the glen. It is not to be supposed that this 'wild, sequestered vale,' as it must have been in early times, is without its ghostly legend. On a back-street of the village of Watkins is now shown a portion of a dilapidated red building, tenantless and decaying, which was once known as Duncan's Inn, a house of entertainment for travellers; and it had a haunted chamber. One stormy night there came a belated traveller, cold and weary, and was informed by the landlord that he had no lodging whatever, except this haunted room, which he unhesitatingly accepted, amid many protestations from the company assembled in the bar-room. He sneered at their fears and boasted loudly of his power over ghosts, but made minute inquiries in reference to this nocturnal visitor, learning that it did not always appear robed in white, but even when invisible, invariably uttered the words, 'Do'n't you wish to be s-h-a-v-e-d?' in a quick but monotonous tone, except the last word, which was drawn out in the longest possible manner. This was constantly repeated, sometimes

in a harsh, gruff, or solemn tone, and again elevated and impatient as if the ghost were annoyed and angry. It had become a terror in the settlement, and many good people expected some severe judgment to fall upon the bluff, good-natured landlord for his roystering propensities.

The night was waning, and the bold traveller was loth to leave the crackling fire and jovial cheer; for none then thought ill of a flowing bowl of whisky-punch, and few in that region looked coldly upon the game of cards, then enlisting the attention of the company, or objected to the money element, which gave spice to the fun. As the hot words came thick and fast, in angry altercation, from the two players, our hero bethought himself of a good joke, by which he might replenish his own finances and silence all disputing claims. He accordingly retired to his room, amid many evil predictions. The wind was blowing fearfully without, but notwithstanding this turmoil of the elements, after he had been lying in bed for some time, he heard distinctly and with great solemnity the words, 'Do n't you wish to be s-h-a-v-e-d?' He peered about in the darkness, but could see nothing. Again he heard in a higher key and quicker tone, 'Do n't you wish to be s-h-a-v-e-d?' His nerves quivered as this was repeated again and again, but he was determined to investigate. He lit his candle, but saw nothing, although the voice seemed to come from near a certain window, which he carefully opened, and at once solved the mystery. A tree stood near, and as the wind blew, its dry branches were brushed against the corner of the house, producing a scraping, monotonous sound, which some imaginative person had formed into words and insisted upon, until every one else could hear them. As the wind blew more fiercely, the sound became quicker and finer. Our hero retired to his bed again, full of crafty designs upon his fellow-travellers below. Waiting until long in the night, he rose, and wrapping the white sheets about him, crept stealthily to the door of the bar-room, and opening it noiselessly, uttered in a sepulchral voice, 'Do n't you wish to be s-h-a-v-e-d?' The revellers turned, saw the spectre, and wild with fear and horror, fled from the room. The seeming ghost swept the table of its money, rushed to his haunted room and enjoyed a good night's rest. Tradition has not given us the name of this ghostly joker, neither has it stated whether he returned his ill-gotten gains.

There is another dim legend which recalls Eugene Sue's wonderful fiction 'The Wandering Jew.' For many years the early settlers saw a dark figure far out in the lake, which bore the appearance of a man sitting upright in a canoe. It is no marvel that they called it the 'Wandering Jew' as downward it drifted; then slowly, wearily returned at the mercy of every passing breeze, sometimes motionless,

and again hurrying on before the blast, but never coming to shore. A melancholy object, it seemed the victim of some cruel destiny, the sport of some blind and aimless fate, ever doomed to float on and on, backward and forward in utter loneliness and sorrow. Romantic maidens could sometimes see the long arms thrown aloft with despairing gesture, and the head bowed in mute agony. But time wore on, and as the forests vanished and boats grew stronger and more numerous, the old superstitions perished, and when some hardy boatman approached the dark spectre and discovered it to be the trunk of an uprooted tree which by some singular chance stood balanced in the water and free from the shore, it is not strange that many would have preferred the illusion to the fact. It is upon these gleams of the supernatural that the imaginative element has been nourished and handed down from one generation to another. No such quaint fictions could have been begotten upon the prairies of the West, or within the spiritless monotony of the rolling country in which farmers delight. Give us the bold mountains, the surging waters—the wild cascades for old tales and vague traditions! Come to the head of the Seneca in summer if you would cry with the hero of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' 'What a promontory were here,'

'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!  
On this bold brow a lordly tower,  
In that soft vale a lady's bower,  
On yonder meadow far away  
The turrets of a cloister gray.  
How blithely might the bugle horn  
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!  
How sweet at eve the lover's lute  
Chime when the groves were still and mute!'

L. A. T.

## S O N G .

LET us forget the promise of to-morrow,  
Which ah! too well we know in gloom may set;  
Let us forget the hope that brings but sorrow,  
Let us forget, forget, forget;  
Let us forget to-day and yesterday,  
Let us forget the canker and the fret;  
Oh! let who will remember, remember,  
Let us forget! let us forget!

Let us forget the friends who have deceived us,  
Let us forget the loves that wake regret,  
And all that baffled us and all that grieved us,  
Let us forget, forget, forget.  
Let us forget the fetters that we bear,  
Let us forget the canker and the fret:  
Oh! let who will remember, remember,  
Let us forget! let us forget!

## 'LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.'

I AM not particularly fond of fishing. I seldom catch any thing but sculpins, which I hate to take off the hook, and which I no longer find any pleasure in torturing, as I used to, when a boy. But I sometimes take a line with me, when I go out geologizing along the sea-shore; and when tired of rambling about, and of digging up the fossil remains of exploded testacea and mollusca, seek out a retired nook, where the water is calm and the sea-weed floats lazily in the calm depths below, and here, baiting my hook with the living fragments of some unfortunate clam, I resign myself to a delicious *laze*, of which the expectation of having a bite forms no part of the enjoyment.

I started off in my usual way, one day last summer, armed with bag, hammer, and customary line, and with my pockets stuffed with crackers and cheese, for a noon-day bite. The early morning had been foggy, with a drizzle which at times became so heavy that I scarcely knew whether it would be more prudent to carry an umbrella with me, or to stay at home. I did neither, however. Toward eleven o'clock, the sun overhead began to grow lighter; the air, which had been close and heavy, to grow fresher; blue patches of clear sky began to show themselves through rents in the gray veil above; while the mist scudded along the horizon, and packed itself in a long billowy bank in the north. The sun came out from his bath, glowing like a furnace, and, by noon, the heat had become so intense, that I was forced first to strip off my coat, and then to seek shelter by the sea-shore. Here, on a low ledge of rock, under the shadow of the huge cliff which over-hung it, fanned by the cooling breeze from over the water, I soon felt myself much refreshed. Emptying my bag of the few specimens I had found that morning, I folded it under me for a couch. I examined my shells more carefully, in order to select such as were not already arranged on my shelves at home. I looked at the water. I looked at the sky. I looked at my watch, to see which way the wind was, I believe. Every one does that, when he is asked what the weather will be, from what quarter the wind blows, what time he reached town the day before, or at what hour he will meet you to-morrow. Having regaled myself with the crackers and cheese above mentioned, I lighted my pipe, baited my hook, and committing it to the waves with the fervent prayer that I should not be disturbed, threw myself back on my rock, and with my feet drawn up and my hands clasped under my head, looked up at the rocks behind me, and began to dream of Mary.

The tide was coming in: I knew that. I had also assured myself,



before resigning myself to the influences of the *dolce far niente*, that the rock I was on would be left uncovered by the rising flood. Thus, confident that I ran no risk of being washed away by the rising tide, I devoted all my energies to counting the seams in the face of the cliff over-head, and to calculating the probable solid contents and gross weight of as much of it as I could see. The number of zeros I reached in my calculations must have operated like so many drops of laudanum. I must have fallen off—not from the rock into the water, but from the waking into the sleeping state. At any rate, I was waked up finally by the rays of the sun streaming full in my face, and by a peculiar sensation in my feet. I had stretched my legs out while dozing, and had slipped so far down the inclined surface of the rock, that my feet, which hung dangling over the water, had been washed, for I know not how long, by the rising tide. The peculiar sensation I had experienced was evidently wet. But there was something else. Every now and then I had felt, in the half-conscious state which had preceded my waking up, a gentle tap! tap! tap! against the sole of my boots, as though some one were amusing himself by throwing pebbles at them. I thought at first that my line might have become coiled around my foot, or that the tide had brought the float in under the rock. But my line had disappeared altogether. I looked over the edge of the rock. Bobbing up and down, within a few inches of my seat, rising and falling on the gentle ripples, which was all of the sea-swell that found its way into the little bay, I discovered the cork, and part of the neck of a floating bottle. ‘There must be something in it,’ I said to myself, like another Isaac Newton, ‘or it could never float upright in that way.’ I was very thirsty, and as I reached over to draw the flask toward me, I mentally exclaimed, with the profane sailor of the story, ‘Beer, I hope; rum, I guess;’ and then, as I fractured the neck with my hammer: ‘Tracts, by ——!’ But I was mistaken. The papers with which the bottle was filled were not tracts: they were sheets of ms., but so stained and corroded by the liquid which the bottle had formerly contained, by the salt water, or by time, or by all three combined, that the writing was scarcely legible. Among them was an unsealed letter, directed to ‘Rufus H. Norrington, Esq., No. —— Maiden Lane, New-York, Care of the finder,’ who was requested on the envelope to forward it to its address as soon as possible.

Placing the letters in my specimen-bag, I climbed up the rocks again, for I found that it was now late in the afternoon, and made my way homewards, wondering all the way where the bottle could have come from. So anxious was I to see what the contents could be, that I stopped more than once to pull the papers out, and look them over again. I was cured of that, however, at last, by walking into a cow



that was chewing her cud on the shady side of the road, and did n't make way for me as I came along, with my eyes fastened on the faint traces of the letters, and my head full of conjectures as to when, where, and by whom they had been written. I had often heard of this means being adopted by cast-away voyagers, or by travelling *savants*, to let the world know their fate or their progress, and I was sure the papers contained the last words of the crew of some unlucky ship, which had foundered or been burnt at sea, or were the records and scientific journals of some venturous explorers, who had failed to discover their way home. 'It may be,' and my bosom swelled with pride at the thought, 'that a partial Providence has thus placed in my insignificant hands the means for settling the question with regard to the mysterious fate of the President, or of some other one of those unfortunate ships, which, leaving their port crowded with a living freight, have never been heard of afterward.

It was with such thoughts that, having dined, I seated myself, with a bottle of wine and a pipe, before the papers which I had previously unrolled, and had left to dry on my study-table. The writing, I found, was of itself not remarkable for its clearness. The hand of the writer seemed to have been disturbed by strong excitement or by some other moving cause. Either that, or the author of the ms. must have been little accustomed to wielding the pen. Moreover, the blots and stains were so numerous, that nothing but the strong curiosity I felt to learn their contents, which was further strengthened by the opening paragraphs, induced me to undertake the task, or to go on with it, having once commenced.

Having finally, after severe application, possessed myself of the contents of the papers, and having found them peculiar, if not important, I propose to submit them to the marvel-loving public, and know no better way than giving them in the words of the author.

'AT SEA.—Longitude—do n't know nor care. Latitude—care a degree or two less, if possible. I suppose they must both be about the same as they were a day or two ago: it seems weeks to me, for I do n't think I have moved an inch, except up and down over the rollers, in all this time. Have no other glass than this empty bottle, and no mirror but the inside of my watch-glass, and so can't take an observation. All I know is, here I am. I have no idea that any one will ever find this, and thus learn my dismal story; but the writing of it, though it is n't very easy work, occupies my thoughts, and prevents my feeling quite as hungry as I otherwise should. But I will begin at the beginning.

'My name is Smart—Thomas Smart. I sailed from New-York for Hamburg in the *Thereyongo*, on the first of April, 1858, with eighteen

or twenty other passengers, of whom my wife was one. Provided myself, before sailing, with a bottle of Otard brandy, and one of Delano's life-preserving vests. For a week, every thing went on swimmingly, especially the ship, and my wife's head. The unfortunate woman was very sick. She took to her berth as we lost sight of land. She took too much of it, for she never left it from that moment. Our friend, Mr. Schootz, followed her example, so that Mrs. S. and I passed the time together in the pleasantest manner possible. My wife had laid in a small stock of Hock wine, but she had no stomach for it after the first day; so Mrs. Schootz and I made ourselves happy with it, at lunch, in the most sociable manner. This was all too delightful to last, however. We had a terrible storm. It blew harder and harder, and the sea rose higher and higher, every day, for a week. Every boat we had was carried away by the third day. We keeled over to such an extent that our cargo shifted, and cutting away the masts did n't right us. We could n't clear them wholly from the ship, and as they were dashed against us by the sea, one of them went completely through her side. The ship, which had before leaked badly, now began to fill rapidly. As the water rose in the cabin, we were all, with the exception of my wife and Mr. Schootz, who were drowned in their berths, driven to the deck. The water, and the springing of the ship's timbers, had so swollen and warped the doors and frames of the state-rooms, that we were unable to open them.

'Each of us, on leaving the cabin, had seized whatever article of furniture or other floating thing he could lay his hands on, for the deck had been swept clean long ago. In the drawer of a small table which stood in the cabin, I had, a few days before, placed a box or two of sardines, a few lemons, and some biscuits, together with my last bottle of Rhine wine. I had put them there, not with any presentiment of the great calamity which was about to befall us, but that they might be at hand for the benefit of Mrs. Schootz, who adored 'zose leetlay fisses,' as she called them in her pretty jargon, and was passionately devoted to white wine. I half-suspected — but never mind, now.

'This table I succeeded in wrenching from the floor to which it was fastened, and carried it to the deck; and as wave after wave broke over our vessel, as she settled deeper in the water, I resolved never to loose my hold of it, but to cling to it until I should be picked up by some passing vessel, or floated to some unknown shore.

'The Thereyongo went down with a lurch at last; and as I floated away, buoyed up by Delano's incomparable invention, and leaning like an inspired orator on my desk, I saw the water dotted by a dozen or two of heads, which rose and fell on the crests of the waves

about me. It was very wet; and though I was wise enough to know that it could n't keep me dry, I resolved to lift myself to the top of my table, for the sake of getting my feet and legs out of the water. The instant I placed myself in this position, the table turned over with me, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to balance myself there, I gave up in despair.

'The storm, as though satisfied with its work of destruction, now began to abate, and by the next morning the wind had died away almost to a calm, the sun shone out hot and strong, and nothing disturbed the surface of the water but those long-drawn swells, which, like the sobs of a child after a crying-spell, attest the strong emotions which have troubled it. These swells were pretty heavy, however, and seemed to me quite as high as the waves of the day before. It looked like quite a journey from the hollow of one, when I was in it, to the top which almost hung over my head. There was not a human being in sight, as I raised myself as high as I was able, when on the crest of a wave, and looked about me. They had all gone down. I don't wonder that some of them sank. I remember seeing one woman jump from the deck with the after-cabin looking-glass in her hands; and the colored cook threw himself into the sea with one of his coppers, which I know had a hole in the bottom, and without the lid on: think of that!

'So I was alone on the watery waste. I tired myself with conjecturing where I might be, and how long I should probably be obliged to stay there. I took a long look about me, for sail, and then began to feel hungry, to long for my cup of coffee with a boiled egg, and to wonder where Mrs. Schootz might be. 'Shall I die here, miserably, of thirst and starvation,' I asked myself, 'after having escaped drowning?' 'No!' I answered, as I remembered the provisions in the table-drawer, executing the same laugh I had so often heard at the 'Bowery.' 'No! there is shot in the locker yet, and T. Smart will not say die to-day.' The drawer of the table was locked. I had the key in my pocket, but I could n't turn it in the lock, and it was only after the most exhausting efforts that I succeeded in forcing it open. The biscuit were in no condition to be eaten, the lemons resembled somewhat pickled limes, but the boxes of sardines were in an excellent state of preservation, as was also the bottle of wine, which, strange to say, had not been broken.

'You who have attempted to open a box of sardines, even with the aid of an instrument especially contrived for that purpose, or to uncork a bottle, even with the help of a cork-screw, know that neither task is an easy one. You will therefore understand, whoever you are, who finds or reads this, what difficulties the undertaking presented to me, furnished as I was with only a delicate pen-knife, with nothing

substantial to stand upon, and nothing solid to rest against. I was hungry and thirsty. There were food and drink. The struggle was a long and painful one, but I conquered. I made a very light breakfast, taking only a sardine or two, and a swallow of wine; for who knows, I said to myself, how long I may be left tossing about here, at the mercy of the winds and waves?

'So the day passed, and no sail gladdened my aching eyes. Night fell again upon the waters, and another day dawned. After a long and anxious survey of the circle of which I formed the unhappy centre, I turned again to sardines and wine, and breakfasted. The second day wore slowly by. The storm had been succeeded by a perfect calm, and the lazy ocean, as though exhausted by its recent efforts, scarcely took the trouble to lift me up and down over the gentle swell which still remained. On the third morning, after my starvation breakfast, and after my customary look around the horizon, as I was attempting to climb again to the top of my ark, my knee struck against a projection on one side. It was a hinge, and I made the discovery that my float was not a table, but a desk with a moveable lid. On raising this lid, at the end of at least an hour's hard work—for it was locked—what a collection met my eyes! Two or three bottles of Maynard and Noyes' ink, corked, and in perfect order, bunches of quills, and reams of paper. But in what a condition! A sudden thought occurred to me: I will leave a record of my adventures and sufferings, which may enlighten my friends and those of the other passengers, and all other parties interested, as to their sad fate, and my how much more deplorable condition. Their pain was over in a moment, while mine has already lasted three days. I may never be picked up. My provisions must come to an end in the course of time, and then I shall come to an end too, and go careering round the globe, like another 'Flying Dutchman,' dying of starvation, at first skin and bones, and then only plain bones—not even 'Brudder Bones:' for who will be near to call me that?

'From the centres of the quires of paper, I selected a number of sheets which were comparatively dry, and having spread them out in the sun, I opened a bottle of ink, mended a pen, and have got thus far in the account of my strange adventures. It is seldom that a man in such a situation as mine finds himself able to set down all the terrible emotions which disturb his mind, and all the sensations of which he is conscious at the very moment that he realizes them. That I am able to do this, will give my story an air of truthfulness which must carry conviction to the stoutest doubter. I do n't describe my sensations, it is true: that is because they're all resolvable into two—hunger and thirst. The fear of a terrible death, the consciousness that I am here, alone, beyond the reach of all human aid, without the

faintest shadow of a hope that I may be saved: all those, and other thoughts of the same nature, do n't trouble me in the least. For a large crust of bread and a pitcher of water, I would willingly die any death on the bills of mortalities. Enough of that, however.

'I hope that the finder and reader of these sheets will excuse the numerous blots, the illegibility of the hand-writing, and all other short-comings. It is n't easy to write in this position, and I am become so weak, that my elbows, which I was taught never to rest on the table while writing, are perpetually slipping off. Have people given up going down to the sea in ships? Five days have I passed bobbing up and down in this life-preserver of Delano's, whom I wish in it, instead of me, and not a sail has appeared in sight. I have eaten my last sardine — the last ones went very rapidly — and have collected, dried, and devoured the mush of salt-water and biscuit from the table-drawer. The effect of that treat has been to drive me almost wild with thirst. I have written a letter to my partner, Mr. Norrington, which I beg the finder of this packet to deliver or send to him as soon as possible. My resolution is taken, and as Delano seems determined that I shall not find a watery grave, I am just as decided that I will. Having corked up the bottle in which I have placed my journal, I intend to strip off my vest, and to go down below.

Yours truly, in haste,

JAMES SMART.

'P. S. — It's no go. I can't get the infernal instrument of preservation off. It buttons behind, or is fastened in some way or other, or I have swollen, or the vest has shrunk in such a way, that I can't get out of it. I am resolved not to starve to death, however. I have had enough of that already. I intend to fill the desk with water, and shut my head in with the lid, and then we'll see, Mr. Delano! Here goes the bottle.'

#### LIFE'S LESSON: AN EXTRACT.

It is the inevitable law  
That man is born to trouble and to sorrow,  
And uncomplaining he should bear the cross;  
For if each to-morrow  
Brings not the solace that we hope to-day,  
Nor makes atonement for some bitter loss,  
It sets us farther on our onward way,  
And leaves us nearer to that pleasant shore  
Where care and grief can trouble us no more.

Then whatsoe'er the Fates decree,  
It still shall be  
The constant burden of my prayer and song  
That I may have the power,  
In stern Misfortune's hour,  
To suffer and yet evermore be strong.

NUCUMENTA.

## STRAWBERRY HILL:

BY JAMES W. WALL.

STRAWBERRY HILL, once the favorite retreat of Horace Walpole, is but a very short distance from Twickenham. The queer old Gothic fabric, when we saw it, was fast falling into ruin. The plaster was peeling off, and the bare lath exposed in many places. The rooms, too, were all dismantled. The picture-gallery gave little evidence of its former magnificence. Nothing remained of that curious collection he spent years in gathering, and which it required twenty-five days to dispose of, save only some antiquated stained-glass in the little low windows, and some curiously-worked hangings upon the walls of the round chamber where George Selwyn used so often to set the table in a roar. The old library chamber still, however, exhibited richly-painted figures on its low ceiling, while the shelves with their literary treasures gone, and the worm-eaten table, upon which was written the *Castle of Otranto*, gave evidence of the desolation that reigned in all the chambers where the old literary gossip once delighted to wander and to muse. It was of this house, writing to his friend Conway, and dating from the place, Walpole says: 'You perceive I have got into a new camp, and have left my tubs at Windsor. It is a little play-thing house that I have got, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filagree hedges:

'A SMALL Euphrates through the place is rolled,  
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.'

It was here he collected that splendid gallery of paintings teeming with the finest works of the best masters—matchless enamels of immortal bloom by Bordier and Zincke; chasings, the workmanship of Cellini and Jean de Bologna; noble specimens of Faenza-ware, adorned by the pencils of Robbia and Bernard Pallizi; glass of the rarest hues and tints, executed by Cousin, and other masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; Roman and Grecian antiquities in bronze and sculpture; exquisite and matchless missals, painted by Raphael and Julio Clovio; magnificent specimens of cinque cento armor; miniatures illustrative of the most interesting periods of history; engravings in countless numbers and of infinite value, together with a costly library, embracing fifteen thousand volumes, and abounding in splendid editions of the classics. But Strawberry Hill, with all its treasures, like many a place of older renown, was destined to illustrate the sad truth, 'that nothing on earth continueth in one stay.'



The antique mirror that once reflected the fair features of Mary Stuart, the jewelled goblet that was often brimmed with ruby wine at the chivalrous feasts of the founder of the Order of the Garter, the Damascened blade that hung by the side of Du Guesclin, all once the pride of the owner of Strawberry Hill, have passed with the rest of the curiosity-shop into the various cabinets of Europe, to be again in their turn dispersed or lost sight of forever.

Let us see if we cannot, by the aid of the writings of Walpole's numerous contemporaries, the letters of Horace himself, and the catalogue of the twenty-four days' sale, fill up these empty rooms with their former treasures; and present Strawberry Hill to the eyes of the present generation, as it might be seen by those who frequented its most sacred penetralia when it was honored with the refined presence of its lord and master.

Well might the ballads of the day sing of this beautiful retreat in the hour of its pride :

‘Some cry up Gunnesbury,  
For Sion some declare,  
And some say that with Chiswick House,  
No villa can compare;  
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,  
Who know the country well,  
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill  
Do n't bear away the bell.’

Horace Walpole, after exhausting all the delights that spring from foreign travel, and all the charms of the intellectually social circle of the London of that day, of which he was the admired centre, began to feel that longing, which satiety brings with it, for some quiet retreat, when he could shelter himself when he pleased from the stir and bustle of the noisy crowd. The pleasantest associations of his childhood, were intimately interwoven with the charming scenery about Kew, Richmond, Twickenham, Hampton Court, and its neighborhood. Here, when a boy on his own pony, he had followed the hounds with Sir Robert, when that great statesman was ranger of Richmond Park; and here, with some favorite school-fellows, he had explored the country on both sides the Thames. It was while looking for some locality in this neighborhood, he stumbled upon a little box of a country place, located directly upon the Thames not far from Twickenham. It belonged to the celebrated toy-woman of London, Mrs. Chevenix, and he purchased it immediately. On the day after his acquisition, in June, 1747, we find him giving the following description of it to a friend: ‘The house is so small, I can send it you in a letter to look at; the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situate on a hill, descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows,



where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colors for becoming the view.'

'Chopped Straw Hall' was its unromantic name; but in looking over an old lease, the owner found the land described as 'Strawberry Hill Shot,' and hailing the discovery with delight, he adopts it, and henceforth all his letters from his new residence were dated 'Strawberry Hill;' and it is not too much to say, by that name the place will be long remembered after every vestige of the residence has disappeared. Then came all the appliances of a handsome fortune to make the place well worthy its possessor. All the aids that horticulture and arboriculture could render, aided by a most exquisite taste, were brought into requisition in embellishing and beautifying the grounds; while architects and carpenters were kept continually busy in remodelling, enlarging, and adorning the mansion. Then it was it assumed the castellated air it still wears; and he tells his friend Montague: 'Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy, to authorize my battlements? When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence.' All sorts of things were being collected from every possible quarter to furnish appropriately the various apartments. Friends abroad were engaged to ransack Italy for fragments of old painted glass, or any thing; and every auction where any rarity could be procured, either at home or on the Continent, was faithfully attended and most liberally patronized. In a short time Strawberry Hill was the wonder of all England; and the Gothic style, so caricatured in its mansion, found many imitators. Its collection was the talk of all Europe; and the sale, which occupied twenty-four days, attracted the curious from all parts of England and Scotland, and every portion of the Continent.

But let us endeavor in part to fill up the empty halls and apartments with this rare collection, before it scattered beneath the blow of the auctioneer's hammer. Passing through the low, monastic doorway, we find ourselves in a hall, whose light is derived, as Walpole himself says, 'from lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass,' and where depends the lantern which casts the most venerable gloom upon the stairs that was ever seen since the days of Abelard. There is nothing here that attracts particular attention save the rich and varied light that streams through painted glass, and stains with amber and ruby hues the tessellated floor. A narrow passage leads you from the hall into the Refectory, and here we may begin the description which promises so much, and keeps its promise so well. This is the innermost shrine, the *penetralia* where the household gods, the Lares and Penates, have their altars. As you enter, your figure is reflected from a brilliant Vauxhall mirror in Gothic frame of black and

gold, with an inclosed portrait at the top of George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, while beneath it is a chimney-piece carved in wood of Gothic design, with arches springing from columns with pediments. Resting upon it, you can notice a fine Etruscan vase, with one more curious still of the rare Raphael or Faenza-ware, with a most life-like representation upon it of the battles of the Centaurs and the Lapeti. At the side of the room, on the right as you enter, is a table in the Gothic style, the top of Sicilian jasper of the rarest kind. It is covered with fine old porcelain, and still more antique Etruscan relics in the shape of bowls and beakers and vases, and over it hangs an object of great curiosity and interest, a hunting-horn of rich enamel, upon copper; the painting being on one side the history of St. Hubert, and on the other a series of allegorical figures. Round this chamber are richly-carved chairs, with backs of Gothic pattern and seats of most exquisite needle-work. Round the walls hang the family portraits. Here you may notice full-length portraits of Sir Robert Walpole, the great minister, and of Catherine his first wife, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Here are the second Lord Orford, attired in red velvet, Edward — known as ‘the handsome Englishman,’ in the robes of the Bath; and Horace Walpole himself, in a scanty, colorless blue-velvet coat, and a waistcoat of crimson velvet, reaching down to his knees. Over the chimney-piece is that celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, known as ‘The Conversation,’ containing the portrait of Lord Edgeworth, Mr. Williams, and that noted wit, George Selwyn, who never missed an execution, and who, when he had a tooth taken out, dropped his handkerchief as a signal for the dentist to begin.

The gem of the collection is a portrait-group, representing the three celebrated beauties, the ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave, assembled round a work-table. This picture still remains at Strawberry Hill. The colors are gone from it, but unequalled grace and delicacy still remain. These were the lovely children of the handsome Mary Clement, the mistress of Horace Walpole’s brother Edward, who was celebrated for his rare manly beauty. Their beauty eclipsed the fame of the beautiful Gummings, and they all married into the first families of the land, Laura marrying a brother of Lord Albemarle; Maria, the greatest beauty of the three, mated with Lord Waldegrave, who soon died, but the still beautiful widow soon captivates and marries his Royal Highness William Henry Duke of Gloucester. The third, Charlotte, married Lord Huntingtower. So that these girls, notwithstanding the lowness of their origin, reached high positions, and some of their descendants of the present day are among the richest and noblest in the land.

But passing out from the Refectory, let us ascend the stair-case, and

as you reach the first landing-place, turn by the door at your right into what was known by Walpole as the Breakfast-Room. The room is not large, and most cheerfully lighted by a large bay window, looking out upon the lawn, down to the very banks of the quiet Thames. The prospect is extensive, and commands a panoramic view of the whole country. Among the numerous pictures and engravings that adorn the walls, are the Virgin and Child, once belonging to Gaston Duc d'Orleans, whose arms surmount the richly-carved frame; a most curious old picture representing Rose, the royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles the Second, at Dawny Court, near Windsor; and a portrait of Cowley the poet, in the character of a shepherd by Sir Peter Lely. Here, in this glass case, on the right of the richly-carved mantle over the fire-place, we may notice the celebrated Digby collection of miniatures. Four of them are portraits of Sir Kenelm's wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanly, who is represented at three different periods of life and once after death. This last is most exquisitely finished, and Sir Kenelm's devotion to his lovely wife is shadowed forth in the motto, '*Vindica te tibi,*' which appears in gold letters over his own portrait. On the left hand of the fire-place another glass-case, another collection of exquisitely-painted miniatures, one of the celebrated Robert Earl of Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, in a gold enamelled case, and also a pair of enamels, the case of the celebrated watch presented by Parliament to General Fairfax after the battle of Naseby. Scattered round the room, on ebony stands of curious workmanship, and upon tables, with plateaux of royal Sevres porcelain, are beautiful specimens of cabinet cups and saucers of the same material, exquisitely painted with birds and flowers; biscuit-figures of cupids and nymphs; Oriental jars and urns of granite, brought from the Greek Islands.

Before you approach the Library, the small but curious collection meets the view, by Walpole called his Armory, and which he thus describes: 'A vestibule opens, with three arches, on the landing-place, and discloses niches full of trophies, of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros-hides, broad-swords, quivers, long-bows, arrows, and spears; all supposed to have been taken by Sir Terry Robsart, an ancestor, in the Holy Wars.' Here, too, or near this vestibule, we find, on the stair-case, the very armor of Francis the First, of steel gilt, and covered with bass-reliefs; his lance, leaning against it, is of ebony, inlaid with silver, while his sword is of highly-tempered steel, beautifully inlaid with gold, and probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini. It is a magnificent suit, and at once recalls to your mind the fine-proportioned figure of the gallant monarch. Near this hangs a magnificent steel shield, of the finest cinque-cento work, inlaid with gold and silver, the figures in bold relief, represent-

ing the story of Quintus Curtius leaping into the Roman Gulf to save the Republic. And suspended all around are old English battle-axes of steel, that did good service upon the plains of Palestine, mingled strangely with Indian spears and Malay creeses.

Let our next step be from war to peace; from the Armory to the Library, where, ranged in cases modelled from Old St. Paul's choir, are marshalled about fifteen thousand volumes, and a great collection of rare old manuscripts. As we range our eye up and down the well-filled shelves, we find, among numerous antiquated and rare volumes, 'The New-Year's Gift,' written by Mecrophilus, (the dwarf, Jefferey Hudson,) and presented by him, in 1638, to Henrietta, the Queen of Charles the First; the identical copy of Homer used by Pope in his translation; the three Books of Chronicles, gathered by John Cariou, of Nurenburch, printed at London, in black-letter, in 1550; Stowe's Chronicle of England; Lyly's Euphues, or Anatomy of Wit, and whole rows of black-letter, most rare and curious. Here, too, in well-ordered cases, are the antiquated manuscripts, and among them is the book of expenses of Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, kept by his treasurer, and in this we have the whole of the expense incurred in that celebrated journey to Spain, with the Prince of Wales, in search of a wife; and here are files of letters, from former dignitaries, over whose graves centuries have rolled; here is an autograph letter from Oliver Cromwell to his wife, the day after the battle of Dunbar, and we must transcribe it:

'FOR MY BELOVED WIFE, ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

'AT THE COCKPIT, THEESE.

'MY DEAREST: I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to mee, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other much. Thou art deerer to mee than any creature: let that suffice. The LORD hath showed us an exceeding mercye — who can tell how great it is? My weak fayth hath been uphelde; I have been in my inwarde man most marvellously supported; though I assure thee I growe an old man, and feel infirmities of age fast stealing upon mee: would my corruptions did as fast decrease. Pray on my behalf in this latter respect. My love to all dear friends.

OLIVER CROMWELL.'

Most of the portraits you see hanging upon the walls are family ones. Urns, ossuaries, and antique relics are to be seen upon the curiously carved tables in every corner, while on the mantel, directly under a large painting, hangs the little clock of silver gilt, presented by Henry the Eighth to Anne Boleyn, on the morning of his marriage. It is richly chased, and ornamented with the *fleur-de-lys*. On the top sits a lion bearing the arms of England. The weights, which are gilt, are curiously chased with the initials of Henry and Anne, within true lovers' knots. One bears the inscription, 'The

most happye,' the other the royal motto. This love-token was doubtless meant as an emblem of enduring affection. It remains the same, after an interval of more than three centuries; but alas! four years only after it was given, the object of Henry's eternal love loses her head upon the scaffold. The clock is still going, but it should have stopped forever, when poor Anne died.

The Holbein Chamber, which is near the Library, next attracts our attention. This is a regular museum. Here is the chair of the last Abbot of Glastonbury, and under a glass case, the red hat of Cardinal Wolsey — the token of his ecclesiastical dignity. Exquisite carvings, from the skilful hands of Albert Durer, and rich stained-glass of ancient patterns; terra-cotta vases, Etruscan jars, and rare intaglios are scattered all around. On the walls hang original portraits, by Holbein, of Mary Queen of Scots, Henry and Anne Boleyn, Philip of Spain and Mary, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Marguerite of France.

Passing out of the Holbein Chamber, a few steps bring us to the Grand Gallery, of grand dimensions, and superbly decorated. Here are the fine vases and cisterns of majolica; here are exquisite coffers, glittering with mother-of-pearl, and reflecting every ray from the stained windows about it; and there, too, is the magnificent Roman eagle, found within the precincts of the Baths of Caracalla, and bronzes of exceeding beauty, and interesting from their antiquity and worth. Pictures hang upon the walls, of rare value and excellence. Here are original portraits of the Buckingham family, of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, whole-length portraits of Catherine de' Medici and her children, and perfect gems from the pencils of Watteau, Cuyp, Castiglioni, and Eckhardt.

A peep into the round Drawing-Room, at the extremity of this gallery, shows us fine stained windows, shedding their paste-colored light on vases of porcelain and services of silver, where, above the rich mosaic chimney-piece, stand silver beakers and jars, valuable for their weight of metal alone, to say nothing of their workmanship; where the china of Sevres vies with the Faenza of Florence, and the portrait of Vandyke's lady-love, Mistress Lemon, looks smilingly down. Ivory cups, and objects of Indian art, lie scattered on the tables.

But we must stop: and yet the treasures of art are not half-exhausted. There is the North Chamber, the Tribune, and the Round Tower, all filled with objects of *virtu*, and with costly china, worth a prince's ransom. Enough has been said to give an idea of what Strawberry Hill must have been in the days of its pride.

It took Robbins, the great auctioneer of his day, twenty-four days, working from nine o'clock in the morning until dark, to disperse these treasures; and when I last saw the apartments they had adorned.

once so sacred to Horatian pleasantries, they looked desolate indeed. The shrine which had once been visited with so much interest and veneration, was fast falling into ruin. The memories of the philosopher, the poet, and the refined scholar, still caused them to be revered and visited ; but it was evident the mansion was tottering to its fall.

A few years since the old ruined structure was pulled down, and is now the site of an elegant mansion belonging to Earl Waldegrave, the great-grandson of frail Mary Clement. The same sky is overhead, the same lawn still spreads forth, in all its living green, to the banks, where the gentle Thames 'wanders of its own sweet will ;' and the same varied and delightful scenery still charms the vision ; but the glory of Strawberry Hill has departed. The memory of its refined and elegant owner still haunts the spot, and will forever. The memories of Pope are not more closely intertwined with Twickenham than those of Horace Walpole are with Strawberry Hill. Walpole, it cannot be denied, more than any of his contemporaries, embodied the peculiarities, graces, and defects of the period in which he lived.

Walpole was like Voltaire, 'L'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta.' But as one of his biographers has well remarked : 'His great gifts were almost thrown away : his genius was without a motive, or like his architecture, elaborately wasted on

'Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And splendid passages that led to nothing.'

His wit and sarcasm made him many enemies, and yet his wit and sarcasm was seldom any thing but playful, scarcely ever malicious. It was with him, for the most part, as it was with his friend Selwyn :

'THAT social wit, which never kindling strife,  
Blazed in the small sweet courtesies of life :  
Those little sapphires round the diamond shone,  
Lending soft radiance to the richer stone.'

His letter to Horace Mann, perhaps as a portrait sketched by the artist himself, is truthful :

'Pray do n't compliment me,' he writes to his friend, 'any more upon my learning ; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I ? I, who have always lived in the big busy world ; who lie abed all the morning, as long as you please ; who sup in company ; who have played at faro half of my life, and now at loo, till two or three in the morning ; who have always loved pleasure, haunted auctions, etc. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with.'



## A D E L E .

OFTEN have I sat at even  
 With my thoughts on thee and heaven,  
 Dreaming of the bright and radiant stars that gem the silent night,  
 And that dearest sainted mother,  
 Who hath left thee for another,  
 Purer, lovelier realm than thine is, daughter of my soul's delight.

And my eyes were red with weeping  
 For the loved one who lies sleeping  
 On the far-outstretching prairie, where the fadeless flowers die,  
 And the autumn winds were sighing  
 O'er the fragrant dew-drops lying  
 On the grass, like tears of pity from the deep and sorrowing sky.

And thy gentle tears were gleaming  
 With a radiant, gem-like beaming,  
 Gleaming from their crystal fountains, fell they like the arrowy rain,  
 Tears of sorrow — early sorrow —  
 They were dried upon the morrow,  
 When thy heart with joy was freighted, and relieved of transient pain.

When thy little playmate brother  
 Lisped in prayer the name of mother —  
 Lisped that sainted name so sweetly that our hearts, though crushed anew,  
 Still, like trampled flowers, seemed turning  
 Upward with a heavenly yearning,  
 While a joy of grief and transport thrilled our souls with rapture through.

Then the cheerless hearth grew brighter,  
 And the burdened heart grew lighter;  
 And the seat by one made vacant seemed by shadowy forms impressed,  
 Shadowy forms of angels bending  
 From that unseen, never-ending,  
 Ne'er-beginning realm of being, in immortal verdure dressed.

Then the autumn winds came sighing  
 Through the forest tree-tops dying,  
 With that spirit-rippling cadence that subdues the soul to rest,  
 And sweet voices without number  
 Seemed inviting me to slumber —  
 To a slumber bright and golden, like the twilight in the west.

Thus ever, as I sat at even,  
 With my thoughts on thee and heaven,  
 Angels came they hovering round me, to beguile the silent night;  
 And there seemed an inward beaming  
 On my soul of bright stars gleaming  
 Through this dark and shadowy mansion, from the spirit-realms of light!

*New-Haven, September, 1860.*

R. W. WRIGHT.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE HERMIT OF ALEOVA: OR THE SHEPHERD GIRL'S TRIUMPH. By ROB. RAPLER. In one Volume: pp. 380. Albany: J. MUNSSELL, Number 78 State-street. 1857.

A PERIOD of many long months has elapsed since this work was placed before the public; and yet, until the present moment, we have not been favored to behold and to peruse it: and even now, we have not the time nor the room to speak of it, and to delineate its very peculiar characteristics, as they deserve. The literary manner of the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH was accounted, in his lifetime, and is even now regarded, as being remarkably concise and expressive: MACAULAY, also, in several of his larger works, is in the same, or kindred respects, universally considered as having written good. THOMAS HOOD was, in the same kind, a close and vigorous writer of language; and the dialogues of 'SAWAWAW EDOUAWD-AW-A-LYTTON-A-BULLWIG, (as THACKERAY'S YELLOWPLUSH announced his name at a London drawing-room, from his own pronunciation of the name,) and Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, have penned lively and sparkling dialogues: yet not one of these eminent writers, in their peculiar and marked styles, have *approached* the style and manner of Mr. 'ROB. RAPLER,' in his 'Hermit of Aleova, or the Shepherd Girl's Triumph.' We propose to illustrate this assumption, by a brief series of brilliant extracts: commencing with the following, 'to wit, namely:'

### THE FUTURE ALEOVANS ON THEIR VOYAGE TO ALEOVA.

'After sailing many days upon the vast ocean, they came to land; and turning their vessel into a bay, they attempted to land. The country was nothing but one vast wilderness of wood-land, extending for leagues in either direction. They sailed up the bay, as far as it would go, where they anchored, and got into small boats, and paddled ashore.

'After they had landed, which was about mid-day, they began to erect tents, to shelter them from the night-air, as they did not know how long they might remain in that situation. When they had dined, some of the colony followed the stream that emptied into the bay, in search of a location, for they intended to commence a settlement as soon as fortune would favor them with a location. After they had followed the stream for some two or three miles, they came to a beautiful lake, navigable for pretty large vessels; but thinking that not a suitable place to commence a settlement, they resumed their search. They followed the stream a mile or two further, where they came to a beautiful site to commence a settlement. They went on further, but they soon returned to the selected spot, for it seemed that was the site destined to contain the beautiful town Oleva, under consideration.'

## ALEOVA, WHEN REACHED BY THE VOYAGEURS.

'The little town Oleva was situated in a dark and shady wood, near the gigantic mountains of Aleova. This little village was hemmed in by the wild-wood, like to an island of the sea that is hemmed in by the majestic waters. This little town was sheltered from the howling storms and tempestuous winds that swept over-head; but I am sorry to say the balmy breeze, the listless zephyrs, were also strangers to this little place: they were warded off by the tall, majestic forest-trees. The howling winds and pelting storms yielded their fury to the surrounding forest, passing by quiet Oleva, as the hungry wolf passes by the fold wherein lieth the innocent lambs, portraying a spirit of innocence, whilst in reality it would, but could not: 'A pretty good reason,' the little boy would say.

'Whilst strolling through the dark and sombre wood surrounding the village, you might ever and anon hear the loud report of a sporting-piece awakening the many silent echoes of the mountains and woodland, when perhaps a denizen of the forest has received the keen, piercing bullet in his vitals, causing him to relinquish his hold upon life, as near and dear as it seems to be to him, and after that must give up his rich mantle of fur, to be worn by some prince or peasant, or whoever may chance become its occupant. Or again, you might hear the shrill thwack of the busy wood-chopper's axe, who is felling the stately cinchona, whose bark is known over the wide world for its valuable medical properties — so valuable, that at one time it sold for its weight in silver. The trees, known by the name of mabogany, *lignum vitæ*, and many other valuable trees, also fell a victim to the keen edge of the wary wood-chopper's axe.'

## THE HERO AS A NATURALIST, OR 'NATURAL.'

'You may ask yourself the question, Why does not the rose bud and blossom on the watery banks of a lake? Why is the nymphia never found blooming in all its natural splendor on the alpine heights, or on the rugged cliffs of a precipice? Or again, why is not the cunning fox, the denizen of the forests and hills, found burrowing in holes on the banks of streams and lakes, with the musquash and beaver? Or, why the beaver and musk-rat do not quit their aquatic abodes, and become denizens of the wild-wood, to shelter in the hollow trunks of trees, with the raccoon and squirrel, or seek their den among the rocks, with the bear and the wolf? In answer to these interrogations, we may rightly say, it is because that God, their CREATOR, has given them an instinct that silently teaches them to do otherwise.'

## COGNOMENIAL ORIGIN OF SOLUM, THE AFORESAID HERO.

'The cognomen of this young philosopher could never be ascertained; no relic or autograph was even to be had by tradition, for that being so imperfect, that, no doubt, some valuable accounts or histories have been lost, at least to the present day. But for convenience we will call him SOLUM, a name, I presume, every Latin scholar is familiar with. The literal meaning of the word is, alone, solitary, etc., which my reader well knows is appropriate to the traits and character of a hermit, who is alone and solitary as his heart could wish, and perhaps a little inclination to redundancy.'

## SOLUM AS A NATURE-LOVING FRESH-WATER FISHERMAN.

'If SOLUM's father had presented him a new set of fishing-tackle, instead of a rifle, he would have been much more satisfied, for fishing was his favorite employment. Often would he steal away at an early hour, before the sun had emerged from beneath the horizon, before the merry warblers had quit their roosts or resumed their morning carols: yes, ere the noble nightingale had ceased his nightly reverie. He would steal from his dormitory, hours before his parents awoke from their slumber, and go the lake for a twofold purpose. The first was to witness the rising sun, depicted on the quiet surface of the lake. The tableau was beautiful beyond description: it was perfectly sublime: it seemed to him that the beautiful lake was pregnant with glittering gold, or that the vivid glare produced by the reflection of the rays of the sun proceeded from a grate of burning embers in the watery deep, enkindled by the vassals of NEPTUNE, the fabulous monarch of the watery elements.'

SOLUM was much 'attached to his inclinations:' and hence, as a naturalist, wished to be alone, that he 'might become acquainted with the notes of some unknown feathered songster that is more shy of his notes than the *Haleyon* is of his prey.' SOLUM's 'parients' looked upon him as their 'only source of secular comfort,' and did n't like to let him go 'out so much alone.' However, they *did* give him permission to go to the lake 'on purpose to fish, or otherwise enjoy

himself:’ and one morning when he was at home, ‘busy arranging, or rather repairing his tackling,’ he for the first time met LELIA: ‘a beautiful girl of fifteen,’ who called to see his mother. She was but a few months younger than SOLUM. Fate or Destiny made them instantly acquainted:

## SPRIGHTLY DIALOGUE BETWEEN LELIA AND SOLUM.

‘What is that,’ said LELIA, ‘you are working at, if I may be so inquisitive?’  
 ‘Please don’t talk about being inquisitive: that is what I like to see in a young lady. . . . But pardon me: I have not answered your question. I am mending my tackling, with the intention of going a-fishing in the morning, down to the lake.’

‘Oh! how I wish I could accompany you on one of your rambles of pleasure, especially when you go a-fishing to the lake! Oh! dear: I wish my parents would let me go along once, any how; but I presume they would rather have me beheaded.’

‘LELIA, how I wish you could accompany me, at least for one time: I am sure that you would be so delighted with your jaunt, that you would never afterward feel satisfied to spend so much of your time in-doors.’

‘I presume so, SOLUM; but you seem to be talking about pleasures unattainable: at least it appears so to me: however, I shall live in hopes.’

‘There is mother coming, LELIA: I hope that we shall be able to carry our conversation into practice at a future time.’

‘I thank you, SOLUM: I sincerely hope we shall.’ With that, SOLUM’s mother entered the house.

‘Oh! how do you do, aunt?’ said LELIA, (as she was in the habit of calling SOLUM’s mother so, as a mark of respect for old age.)

‘I am pretty well: I have just been out among some of the neighbors, a-calling: I was at your house.’

‘You were?’ said LELIA: ‘I am sorry that I was not at home: I am always absent when you call at our house, I believe. SOLUM has been entertaining me, ever since I came: he has got me quite in the notion of going a-fishing, to the lake.’

‘Yes: I presume he would be trying to persuade you to go, for that lake seems to be a part of his very existence.’

‘What, mother? you do n’t mean what you say: do you infer that I go to the lake oftener than necessity requires?’

‘I do n’t know but you do go there oftener than necessity requires; but I do n’t mean to say that you go oftener than we permit.’

‘Oh! well: that alters the case vastly: I am sure I would not have LELIA think that I stole away unawares, especially under existing circumstances.’

‘Oh! no,’ said LELIA: ‘I am too well acquainted with your mother, and her discipline, than to harbor the idea that you pursued such a truant course.’

‘Well, I am glad you do,’ said SOLUM, as if his mind felt somewhat relieved.’

‘It was easy to be perceived,’ says the author, ‘that there was something mutual in their affections; but it looks as if each one feared to make known their desire to reciprocate: but I presume that is to be accounted for, by taking into consideration their tender age, and the extreme delicacy of the subject.’ But peruse these reflections upon

## THE CHOLERA, OR SOME OTHER PESTILENCE IN ALEOVA.

‘O CRUEL monarch of desolation and destruction! relent; cease thy fury, and let feeble mortality glide upon the sea of time yet a little longer; let this flickering lamp of life burn but the three-score years and ten allotted to him: why is it that thou art sworn to be his enemy? sworn to reduce his feeble clan to a mere representative of his former greatness and prosperity; sworn to plunge thy deadly shaft into the vitals of the innocent, and to withdraw it therefrom, and wield it in the air with a smile of exaltation and triumph, while it is yet reeking in the warm heart’s blood.’

‘The pestilence! the pestilence! Who that has a knowledge of it, can speak of it without a chill of horror creeping over his feeble tenement? If there are any such persons in the world, their hearts must be like the adamant, which cannot soften: they must have the courage of a martyr, and the strength of a Hercules; but with all these unnatural accomplishments, they are unable to combat the fearful monster, when he pleases.’

But we must keep the pestilence off until a second notice; and in the mean time, close the present with

## ANOTHER SPARKLING DIALOGUE BETWEEN LELIA AND SOLUM.

'SOLUM stored away his tackling for the day, and went to pay a visit to LELIA. He found her alone, enjoying herself at plain sewing—a favorite employment of hers.

'Oh! how do you do, SOLUM? I thought you intended to visit the lake to-day,' said LELIA, looking rather surprised.

'I am very well, I thank you. I am almost ashamed to tell you the reason why I did not go to the lake to-day.'

'No: you must not be afraid: I shall not divulge the secret to any person.'

'I thank you,' Miss LELIA. I am well aware that you would not; but it is not a secret. To tell the plain truth, I only over-slept myself a little.'

'Why, SOLUM, I always thought that you was a model for early rising; but I guess I shall be rather more careful to what conclusions I come, in the future,' said LELIA, rather mischievously.'

'Now, LELIA, an't you a little too severe this morning? I am sorry I told you my misfortune.' This SOLUM said with the intention that he might ascertain what was her real meaning; for it is plainly to be seen, by the character of his answer, that he did not know whether to take her assertion in earnest, or merely as a jest.'

'SOLUM, what is the matter with you this morning? Why, you cannot take a joke at all.'

'Pardon me, LELIA. I am sorry that I gave you to understand so. I must confess I feel rather irritable to-day; but I hope sincerely that you will not take offence.'

'Oh! no: no danger whatever. I am sure, if I had been disappointed as you have been to-day, I would have been much more irritable.'

'LELIA, I admire your candor. You are frank, to acknowledge your shortcoming. That has long been my failing, and, by that, I have often submitted myself to ridicule.'

'How can that be, SOLUM?'

'An't you aware, LELIA, that the mass of the people in town are opposed to my course of life?'

'Certainly, I am: but I did not think that you had reference to that,' said LELIA thoughtfully.

'LELIA, I presume it would be an improvement to our entertainment, if we should waive the subject, provided we take up a better one.'

'Oh! yes,' said LELIA: I had almost forgotten to tell you my dream, which I dreamed last night. I was determined to tell you all about it, the next time I had an opportunity. I presume no better one could be than the present?'

'Oh! no: tell me all about it, at this most favorable of all opportunities. I hope that it will be something good—something whose associations are connected with my trip to the lake to-morrow.'

'Why, SOLUM: you almost guessed my dream. I shall begin to think that you are something of an astrologist.'

'Oh! no, LELIA: I do not profess to be an astrologist, or any thing allied to that science; but I thought it was something concerning that 'expedition,' merely from our previous conversation. A person is liable to dream of what lies upon the mind—any subject that has been recently agitated. But please tell me your dream, LELIA, won't you?'

'Certainly, my — O SOLUM! how near I came to make an irreparable blunder,' said LELIA, about half-frightened.

'How, LELIA? I did not take notice.'

'You did n't: but I hope that you will pardon me, for I was n't thinking who I was conversing with.'

'Never mind, LELIA: banish some of your extreme delicacy. I shall excuse you with pleasure: you need not fear that I shall communicate it to any one else.'

'Well, trusting to your honor, I will tell you. When you asked me to tell my dream, I came near answering you by saying, 'Certainly, my dear.' I do n't know what possessed me to think of saying so; but I hope that you will pardon my mistake.'

'Yes, ma'am: ten thousand pardons! but I do not think that it would have been out of place, for I am certain that it would have been reciprocated; but as it is, I am afraid that reciprocation would meet the cold shoulder of disappointment: do n't you think so, LELIA?'

'Tis a delicate subject for conversation, I think. It is well that we are alone; but, however, I must answer your interrogation?'

'Thus, good begins, but better remains behind:' yet at this point, capricious in luxury, we must pause, for the lack of space; but if we have not whetted the appetites of our readers, by this mere lunch, for the substantial repast which remains yet to come, we much fear that we have mistaken their taste for the 'Sublime and the Beautiful.'

LIFE OF WILLIAM T. PORTER. By FRANCIS BRINLEY. With a Portrait by the late HENRY INMAN. In one Volume: pp. 273. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

MANY memories came back upon us, when we opened this very handsomely-executed volume, and our eyes lighted upon the speaking likeness of our old friend and contemporary, as he was at the time the 'counterfeit presentment' was transferred to paper by the cunning pencil of our mutual friend, HENRY INMAN. Well do we remember his showing it to us for the first time, at his beautiful apartments in Broadway; apartments which, in the good taste and unostentatiousness of their arrangement and adornings, were but a type of the man: 'Read that on the bottom, miboy,' said 'WILLIAM,' handing us the drawing: 'what a glorious fellow INMAN is!' So we read as follows, in the neat manuscript of the genial-hearted artist: 'WILLIAM T. PORTER will please accept this *leaden* counterfeit of the genuine coin, which never rings false to any test of its metal, as a feeble token of esteem from his attached friend, H. INMAN.' This brief presentation is alike worthy of the donor and the recipient of the picture. The work before us — which does credit to the zealous research and industry of the writer and compiler, Mr. BRINLEY, a brother-in-law of his beloved subject — traces Mr. PORTER's life, from his infancy and childhood up to his advent in our metropolis, and his progress onward and upward, as the originator, proprietor, and editor of the '*Spirit of the Times*,' a journal which came to be well and always most favorably known, not only throughout the United States, but in Europe, and especially in the remote British Colonial dominions. The sketch of Mr. PORTER's distinguished ancestry only goes to show that their virtues and their graces were not deteriorated in their descendant, who died as he had lived, without an enemy in the world. It does not need that we should dwell upon WILLIAM T. PORTER's history. Our American 'world' at least knows it by heart: we desire only to call the attention of our readers to the book in which that history is minutely and admirably recorded, and to thank the editor and the publishers for the manner in which they have severally acquitted themselves of their duty to the subject and to the public. Here are anecdotes of two distinguished foreign 'Bohemians,' who were wont to frequent a sort of sportsmen's 'Rialto,' FRANK MONTEVERDE's, adjoining the old office of '*The Spirit*,' when it was located in Barclay-street. Although never in 'FRANK's,' as the place was called 'for short,' but twice in our life, we yet recall 'Lord GEORGE' and 'TOM OLDFIELD' as vividly as if we had seen them but yesterday:

'A DISTINGUISHED personage among the *habitués* of 'FRANK's' was a dapper gentleman, whose face bore a bushy pair of auburn whiskers, and was garnished with a perpetual smile. Lord GEORGE GORDON, for we had ennobled him from admiration of his patrician qualities, was quite a CHESTERFIELD among us, and his opinions on all matters, especially such as appertained to dress and manners, were to be regarded as pure gospel. GEORGE was the very pink of neatness; not a speck of dust was allowed to contaminate his olive-cut-away, not a wrinkle to be observable upon his dainty waistcoat, while his blue neck-scarf, spotted with white dots, after the manner of a BELCHER tie, encircled his neck with most faultless gracefulness. But particularly did the jauntiness of Lord GEORGE display itself in the style and manner of poising his hat on his head, as well as in the condescending patronizing elegance with which he removed it for purposes of salutation. Still the merits of GORDON were in nowise confined to the exterior man; he had that within which passeth show, and was the YORICK of a thousand dinner-parties, which he enlivened by a constant flow of wit, humor, and anecdote, for GORDON was a walking encyclopædia of

amusing information. The peculiarity of GORDON's wit, its appropriateness, was enhanced by the novel manner of his speech and the earnestness of his gesture. Once called to the witness-stand, the lawyer propounded the usual question as to his profession.

'Profession, eh?' musingly responded LORD GEORGE: 'how we live? Olden time, king's fool: now-a-days, dine out.' And he gave a majestic wave of the hand.

'Then,' continued the lawyer derisively, as if annoyed at the retort, 'you live by your wits?'

'O dear, no!' coolly returned GORDON: 'not at all — not by my wits — want of 'em in others!'

Another worthy of the same school was TOM OLDFIELD, whilom Consul of the United States at Lyons, a position he resigned, as he boasted, from the inability of the inhabitants to comprehend or appreciate his jokes. TOM was emphatically a fellow of infinite jest, and although he in nowise aspired to the BEAU BRUMMEL qualities of GORDON, he possessed a striking ready fund of anecdotal humor, rendering him, on convivial occasions, a most agreeable companion. Poor TOM! he had experienced his shares of the ups and downs of a mundane existence, which he bore with stoical composure. While in London, with leisure time on his hands, he observed near his lodgings a broker's office, whose proprietor seemed to be of a nervously suspicious temperament. To worry the individual, OLDFIELD was wont to plant himself before the heap of gold in the money-changer's window, and contemplate it, with mysterious earnestness, for hours together. The movement he repeated diurnally, until the patience of the suspicious proprietor was wholly exhausted from inability to comprehend a motive for TOM's eccentric conduct; consequently, one day he rushed from his shop-door, seized upon his outside visitor, and threatened that if he caught him again lounging around his window, he would give him into the custody of the police.

'My dear fellow, don't,' pathetically responded OLDFIELD: 'don't destroy my last consolation: for if I were n't to stop here every morning, I should lose all knowledge of the current coin of the realm.'

The book has a dedication by the writer, which may be said to have an almost world-wide scope: '*To the Friends of William T. Porter and his Brothers.*' Where are *not* the 'friends of WILLIAM T. PORTER and his BROTHERS?'

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A MAN. By Rev. J. D. BELL. In one Volume: pp. 462. Number 25 South-Sixth street, Philadelphia: JAMES CHALLEN AND SON.

'ONCE there was a *Man*,' struck us as 'a voice from childhood,' when we first took up this book, and glanced at its brief yet nevertheless somewhat expressive name: for after all, there is very much more in the book than the reader would be led to expect from the extreme simplicity of its title. The publishers, we think, do not assert too much, when they say, in their announcement of the work, that the themes of which it treats 'are alike grave and gay, solid and humorous; appealing, in successive pages, to the reason, the judgment, the imagination, and the taste.' It may be said to supply the want of a popular treatise on the connection between the culture of the intellect, and its highest aims and enjoyments. The work is in two parts:

'In Part First are considered the higher possibilities of the ordinary class of minds, in the pursuit of knowledge and manly character. The difference between EXISTING and LIVING, LABORING and WORKING, is exhibited; and the fearful effects of the neglect or the abuse of intellectual or physical culture. A superior education of the whole man is urged with great earnestness. The author discusses the higher uses of the SENSES. Exposing the ignoble life of the mere utilitarian, he shows the



true design and value of the beautiful. He dwells on the poetic susceptibility in its relation to Nature, on the pleasures of the *eye* and the *ear*, and on the scenery of the Seasons. He discusses the life of the student, and the encouraging and rewarding felicities which accompany the prosecution of intellectual pursuits. He considers the student's dangers and errors; the importance to him of maintaining his *health*, and of fitting himself for practical life, while he is engaged and delighted in the world of books. The author also discusses the *Intellectual Side of Love*; the life of the thinker; and the expression of thought and feeling, in conversation, in wit and laughter, and in the gentler mode of tears. Part Second shows the blissful possibilities of mind endowed with superior powers, and elevated by superior attainments. Essays of a condensed and very suggestive character, are given on *ASPIRATION*, on *GENIUS*, on the *DISCOVERER*, on the *INVENTOR*, on the *WRITER*, and on the *Three Inspirations* — that of the *POET*, that of the *ORATOR*, and that of the *HERO*. Numerous monographs of individual character are presented in the work. The style is adapted to all classes of intelligent readers.'

The barrenness of the title of this book may be a 'trick of authorcraft,' or an adroit bookseller's 'second thought:' but the work itself shows that there was small necessity for any thing of the kind.

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STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. BY GEORGE HENRY LEWES, Author of the 'Life of GOETHE,' 'The Physiology of Common Life,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 146. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

ONE of the good things which has been 'come at,' in these our days, is the consciousness of many scientific writers, especially for the young, that 'it needs all we know to make things *plain*' to those whom we would instruct or 'inform.' Mr. LEWES evidently understands all this perfectly; and we will do him the justice to say, that 'he *acts* accordingly.' His is a literary 'manner' which must go far to popularize Natural History. His book conveys to the general reader, in an easy, familiar way, a large amount of information, alike entertaining and useful, which the merely scientific man acquires with infinite labor. He adorns his subject with a pleasant style, and leads the unscientific reader, in a lively and smiling way, into wonderful regions, hitherto almost forbidden except to the learned. It is a book, as is well remarked by a contemporary, 'to put in one's pocket on a trip to the country; a book especially to put in the hands of young people, in whom it may, or at least should, develop a taste for studies which tend always to preserve and perpetuate the simplicity and purity of youth.' Observe this initiatory passage, as touching the *universality* of animal life:

'Life every where! The air is crowded with birds — beautiful, tender, intelligent birds — to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety, the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects — those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms, from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the seas is alive with polypes, crabs, star-fishes, and with



sand-numerous shell-animalcules. The rugged face of rocks is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures, and blackened with countless mussels, barnacles, and limpets.

'Life every where! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its checkered shade, we are saluted by the numerous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half-abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy at its appointed labor. We pick up a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissue, and awaiting there development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, visible under the microscope. This same microscope reveals that the *blood-rain* suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals; and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their color to the marvellous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant. The very mould which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel ploughs her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jeweled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.'

We have little to say of the illustrative engravings, of hornéd, thousand-legged, bulbous-headed, 'p'ison critters,' save that we must consider them well done, although small: for they are ugly enough to satisfy any 'lover of nature' in her wildest and most uncouth moods. But what do we *want* of such reptyles? *That's* the question.

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WOODS AND WATERS: OR THE SARANACS AND RACKET. With Map of the Route and Illustrations on Wood. By ALFRED B. STREET. In one Volume: pp. 345. New-York: M. DOOLADY, Number 49 Walker-street.

It does not often happen — that is to say, it has not often *happened*, in our career hitherto — that we have taken up so good a book as this, with a disposition to 'blow it up': to revenge ourselves upon the writer: in short, to make use of a forcible expression, to make him 'feel bad' on account of having written it. So untimely, too: coming in the middle of August: that sweltering, muggy, saturating, seething, any-thing-else-that-is-a-nasty month; when the odors from the 'Swamp' down our way are as unlike Cologne-water, or myrrh, or frankincense, as it is convenient to conceive: we say, that a man to send a book to us, that brings back, by its deliciously graphic pictures, the smell of the forests of 'JOHN BROWN'S Tract,' the Adirondacks, and the sweet, calm lakes, that alternate, and reflect the 'dear God who made them all:' we too a member of the 'North-Woods Walton Club,' with our regular certificate admirably engrossed by a matchless penman, DAVID VAUGHAN by name —

Oh! pshaw! — to insult us by sending us such a book at this time; when one of our confrères, who is a 'fixture' of our office, and whom not to meet is not to see the sun; has gone with tents and creature-comforts, and appropriate clothing, one of a party of twenty-five; to be gone a month, catching and cooking their trout; inhaling the fresh, balmy, glorious air of the Adirondacks' and Saranac's lakes and woods and mountains —

But who's to blame? It is not our happy fortune to enjoy all these lovely things: but STREET could n't help it: he has only written a book that is redolent of the 'Woods and Waters,' like a true Poet, a true Man, and also an authentic

'BRICK,' as he is. We must say something *of* it, and let him say something *from* it: as for example: here is a picture by a poet, who 'has his eyes about him,' and as you can very plainly perceive, used them to some perfection of purpose 'on this occasion.' We speak the things which we do know, because we have been there:

'I RETIRED to rest in the tent about mid-night, and awoke at day-break. There was a cool, gray light over the lake, which lay like glass. The fronts of the islands rose indistinctly as if reared in air, with dark pictures below them. The atmosphere was fresh almost to chilliness, and sweet with the odors of the woods. The tent looked ghostly, the forest gloomy. A brace of loons near the margin were sending out their wild halloos like Indian warwhoops, awakening a hundred quavering echoes. An eagle was sailing over the lake; a drowsy twitter was creeping through the woods. The smokeless cabin looked dead. The camp-fire was smouldering in brown ashes, with embers melting along the charred back-log.

'The largest of the stars were still shining, although dimly, through the sombre tints of the sky.

'Soon, however, the ash color of the east commenced to clear into semi-transparent gray, then to kindle into pale yellow. Trees began to creep out from the massed forest, and a streak of distant mist to crawl along the lake. The islands stood out more boldly. The twitter from the woods increased to chirps, swelling occasionally into song. The lake showed differing though still sober tints; here a space of marble gray, there of polished black.

'At length, the cheeks of the clouds at the zenith blushed into rose: one long cloud in the east began to glow into ruby, then burn into gold. Gemmed colors—sapphire, emerald, topaz and amethyst—glanced upon the lake. Gold ran along the tops of the tallest trees. The east gleamed with royal crimson and imperial purples. At last, through a vista of the back-ground ridge, striking the landscape into gladdening light, poured the lustre of the risen sun.'

'Speaking of Loons:' The first one we ever saw, or ever heard—which last is a sound you will never forget—was on one early July morning, on Jock's Lake, in the Tractate of BROWN, named of JOHN. Major G—, of our State Canal Department, as the bird rose out of the smooth, glassy water, with a cry like a child in distress, most plaintive, most melancholy, raised his Virginia gun, which 'never missed' (ha! ha!) and exploded it in the direction of her person. There was a spattering in the water, when the poor creature 'sunk to rise no more'—for say about a quarter of a minute, when she came up, with a couple of young ones, about a half mile off, squawking 'like mad,' and making off at a p'int of compass about no'th-east-by-no'th, half-no'th. Our neighbor, Colonel S—, State-Engineer at that period, observed in his quiet way: 'Your shot is not heavy enough, Major: let me give 'em the contents of my two barrels, consisting of Number Twelve.' Taking deliberate aim, bang went the two destructive tubes—

A loon is not a frank bird. 'Strait as a loon's leg' was a term never appreciated by us until that moment; when we saw the mother and her chicks 'put off,' their drum-sticks ranging in even parallel, until they had reached the safe anchoring of a sheltered bay, about a mile off. Something was the matter, the COLONEL said, with his gun: and it really seemed that 'like as not it was so!'

One passage more, a beautiful sylvan scene, and brim-full of action, will 'bite' all lovers of wood and water craft, and then we must leave our friend STREETER's book to his readers and ours; not doubting that both will establish an early correspondence with his publisher:

'The scene was quiet and delightful. Faint cries from hawks dotted around a distant fir, touched the ear; a king-fisher, with his purple back gleaming in the light, watched

the water, from a dry limb; and a little family of black ducks steered out from a hollow in the bank, and pushing through a broad field of lily-pads, made their way diagonally down the pond.

'BINGHAM had just seized his rifle for a shot, when a couple of legs appeared, working nimbly under the long curve of a boat. The bow being rested on a stump, let from under it a man, no other personage than CORT, somewhat red in the face from his exertions. And here let me notice farther the mode of transporting boats practised throughout the forest.

'The guide balances his upward-turned craft by a wooden yoke clasping the base of his neck, the ends fitting in iron rings at the sides of the boat, and the weight also resting on his up-turned arms. He thus bears his burden over the portages of the innumerable waters that make one vast Venice of the wilderness.

'When the portage is long, the guide rests himself for a moment, by leaning the boat's bow against some tall stump, broken sapling, or small rock, and withdrawing from beneath it.

'Our comrades started to fish at the mouth of Ampersand Brook, but the restless BINGHAM resolved to visit a beaver-pond a mile or two off (the knowledge of which had been infused into him by CORT) for his favorite sport, deer-hunting. He (unluckily BINGHAM) invited me to accompany him, and, propelled by CORT's oars, we were soon furrowing the mirror of the pond. We crossed: entered the second pond; skirted on the left a bank of open trees, and passing an island fronting a bay, pushed into a creek which twisted through a wild meadow.

'Turtle Island there is a great place for the black snappin' turkles,' said CORT. 'There's a turkle's nest on't where the critters lay their eggs. D'ye see that streak o' brown sand? That's where they crawl up from the water.'

'We left the boat a short way up the meadow, and wading through the long, coarse grass, reached at last a wooded point. Here CORT whispered to be 'keerful and not make the least bit o' noise, for round it, he'd no doubt but there was mebbly two or three deer feedin'.

'Treading softly in Indian file, CORT foremost, we rounded the point. As usual, in taking the utmost care, my unlucky feet would keep cracking all the dry twigs in the path; and it was ludicrous to see BINGHAM's impatient face turned toward me as some crisp snap broke the stillness. I knew I should pay at the camp-fire for every crackle, in his stinging jests and provoking railleury; but the more gingerly I tried to tread, the more I kept up the snapping.

'No deer was in sight; but another point was ahead, and, Indian fashion again, we neared it.

'Crack, crack, snap, crackle, snap. At last, BINGHAM lost all patience.

'Confound you, SMITH!' jerking his head alternately as he whispered, 'has the devil, if I must say so, got into—what do you see, CORT? Heavens! are those big feet of yours shambling around without any control or—do you see any thing, CORT? Have all the bones in your body got loose—eh! what is it, CORT? Where on earth do you manage to find so many twigs to step on?'

'Hush—sh!' said CORT, who was now peering round another headland. The next moment he beckoned to BINGHAM, who quickly though quietly advanced. I followed. In a lily-pad pond, with head and ear-flaps erect and one fore-foot lifted, stood a large buck. BINGHAM aimed, but at the critical juncture, my unlucky pedals struck another twig—snap—whew! Did n't that deer run? BINGHAM fired; but the buck still bounded through the scattering lilies. Another shot—this time from CORT—and the deer fell. CORT rushed forward with his wood-knife, which he carried, like the other guides, sheathed in his leathern belt; and by the time BINGHAM and I had reached him, he had cut the throat of the victim. The ball had, however, pierced its heart.

'BINGHAM looked narrowly at the wound.

'I say, CORT, could n't it have been possible that I hit the buck before you did?'

'There is n't but one hole there!' answered CORT.

'Ah! SMITH,' said BINGHAM, shaking his head, 'you're an unlucky creature, or rather I'm the unluckiest of mortals in bringing you. I was as sure of that buck as I am that you're my evil genius. What on earth got into those hoofs of yours? But no matter now; let's join the boys at Ampersand Brook, or the next thing, I shan't be able to get even a trout!'

'CORT swung the deer over his stalwart shoulders, and we returned to the boat, left the second pond behind, and pushing through the long grass and lily-pads of the connecting channel, opened into the third.'

STREET has fished in the Calicoon and the Mongaup, up in 'Old Sullivan,' too, and caught 'the 'Speckled' there, and killed his little doe there, as we have: we are 'with him,' and he knows it. Good printing, good paper, and nine expressive and well-executed illustrations on wood.

A JOURNEY IN THE BACK COUNTRY. By FREDERICK LAW OLNSTEAD. New-York: MASON BROTHERS, Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer-street.

THIS is a large and neatly printed narrative of journeys made on horse-back through a great part of the back country of Mississippi, Virginia, and Tennessee. It is a vigorous book, especially in fault-finding. Such a specimen of wholesale condemnation we have not lately seen. He seems determined to see no good thing, or to disparage what he must see. If the soil be fertile, it is badly cultivated; if there is great wealth, it is accompanied by ignorance and meanness; if there are churches, they are few and of small cost. The whites are ignorant, cruel, and profane; the blacks sensual, lazy, and thievish. The women have womanhood almost driven out of them, and the men have no manliness. Their religion is a fantasy or a burlesque; their wealth is poverty; their life a fear, causing them to 'die daily;' their hopes all cotton; their fears 'niggers;' their learning, to keep out of the grass. No affections, arts, or sciences; no conveniences or appliances of civilized life: such is the picture Mr. OLNSTEAD gives us of the back-country of a portion of Mississippi and Virginia. No one will suppose this picture can be entirely true. That the back-country should be deficient in conveniences, is to be expected; that in a workshop (and the plantation is little else) elegance should be wanting, is not surprising; that where there are few whites schools should languish, is natural; arts never did flourish where there were no artisans; and in a state of society which must be rude, or rather, in the absence of society, religion is emotional rather than intellectual. So much as this may be admitted, and still the author be accused of unfairness; for '*all* is barren.' He finds some places, some men, not so bad as others; but 'there is none that doeth good: no, not one.' He could not usually see flowers by the way-side, for his thoughts were of exhausted fields; no sun-rise or sun-set charmed him: he was too busy fighting mosquitoes; when tired and hungry, rest and refreshment only rendered his criticism more vigorous and biting. With pencil and note-book, he has set himself to construct a catalogue of miseries. Yet on the coffee-estates of Ceylon, and the cattle-ranges of Australia, as much of poverty, crime, ignorance, and privation were to be found, even among those who were much more wealthy than the planters he visited, though the estates were managed by Englishmen, with free laborers.

But though the author has, as we think, looked too persistently on the dark side, there is enough of solid practical truth embodied in the book to claim for it careful consideration. Because the writer saw nothing but evils, it is not well to leave the evils uncorrected. The book is gravely and earnestly written, and should be as earnestly considered. There are thousands who will admit his facts, but not his deductions; who will not accuse him of falsehood, but make allowances he has not made. Let our readers ponder the facts, and make their own deductions.

THE SUNNY SOUTH; OR THE SOUTHERNER AT HOME: embracing Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton. Edited by Professor J. H. INGRAHAM, of Mississippi. Philadelphia: G. G. EVANS, No. 439 Chestnut-street.

A BOOK to be read in conjunction with OLMSTED's works on the 'Slave States,' 'Back Country,' etc. Where he found no comfort, no conveniences, no politeness, no arts, no religion, nothing but bare existence, with barbarity and ignorance, this writer finds dwellings that look like baronial castles, servants with small, aristocratic-looking hands, presenting coffee on silver salvers; small but splendid private chapels on the estate; negroes all moral—in fact, even religious. Judged by this book, the South is a Paradise, and life there a long holiday. Very marked is the contradiction between the two books; and we suppose nearly every one will say neither is exactly true; neither can be true. Roses do not grow without thorns any where: there must be much of discomfort and other evils that this writer did not mention, as well as much good that OLMSTED failed to discover. If we except a certain flippancy apparent in most of the letters, a sort of boarding-school smartness, endurable, even pleasant at first, but repulsive when in excess, the work is well written, and 'adapted for light summer perusal,' as the editor says in his note of introduction.

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NUGAMENTA: A BOOK OF VERSES BY GEORGE EDWARD RICE. In one Volume: pp. 146. Boston: J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY.

WE have but this day received this handsome little book, although we are surprised of its having been sent to us some months ago. When we saw that it was by the young gentleman who, in conjunction with his and our friend and correspondent, Mr. JOHN HOWARD WAINWRIGHT, wrote a clever little volume entitled '*Ephemera*,' which we had the pleasure to praise in these pages, we knew what to expect from the more matured collection under notice. Having read it through, we are prepared fully to indorse the subjoined remarks upon the work by an able and authentic critic: 'This is a volume of fugitive verses, which the author has gathered under a name that hardly does full justice to their poetic merit. Making no pretensions to the 'fine frenzy' of the typical *Vates*, Mr. RICE is none the less a master of easy and mellifluous versification, which is skilfully turned in his hands to the celebration of themes alternately lively and severe. If all his poems betray scholarly tastes and quick sensibilities, it is to be remarked that those which are of a serious cast never degenerate into mawkish sentiment; while in the gayest mood of his 'frolic fancy,' he is not deserted by the 'comely Graces.' The *National Intelligencer* only does simple justice to the work.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER SEVENTEEN.—There were many distinguished contributors to early volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, whose names were not announced in connection with the valuable and interesting papers which they furnished to our pages; perhaps from a modest request on their part that their favors should appear anonymously, or from a necessity which was laid upon them, impelling them, from a sense of official propriety, to write 'under the rose.' In this latter category was our present able Secretary of State, General LEW. CASS. We had been indebted to him, in common with our readers, (through his warmly-expressed esteem for our Magazine,) for other literary favors, while he was a resident of the picturesque and flourishing city of Detroit: but when he was appointed American Minister to France, unlike his Indian sketches, and pictures of frontier life, it became necessary that his communications to the KNICKERBOCKER, while writing from the Embassy should be anonymous. His reasons for this, modestly expressed, are contained in a letter now before us; from which, in connection with sundry matters of 'pleasant entertainment' embraced in other letters from the writer, it may be that we shall be tempted to quote hereafter. But there exists no reason *now* why we should not mention the fact, that Hon. Secretary CASS, while Minister to France, was a contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER; nor, moreover, any reason why we should not cite passages from two or three of his communications to these pages, illustrating alike the character of his contributions, and the easy, familiar style in which he was wont to address our readers. '*A Ball at the Tuilleries*,' forming the first number of '*Dust of Travel*,' appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER nineteen years ago: and from that we shall commence our 'citations.' Premising that the writer has received a 'large sealed paper,' to his address, inscribed in one corner '*Maison du Roi, Service du Roi*,' and that the 'large, sealed paper' aforesaid, is an invitation from LOUIS PHILPIPE to a 'Ball at the Tuilleries,' we announce our distinguished contributor, and ask our readers to hear him 'speak for himself:'

'BEHOLD us at length, on the evening of the ball, equipped in *habit de cour*, sword, chapeau, with an eagle in the cockade, to give what WEBSTER calls the odor of nationality; behold a couple of the sovereign people thus disguised, in a *voiture de remise*—no hackney coaches being admitted within the royal precincts—rolling



down the Rue de la Paix, in the direction of the palace. We were hardly half-way across the Place Vendôme, when the carriage drew up close by the column. On inquiring the cause, '*Monsieur nous sommes à la queue*,' said the coachman. This information being confirmed by our sable adherent behind, another of the sovereign people, we concluded that to unfold so prodigious a tail would probably require an hour or two; so my companion composed himself in his corner for a snooze. At a rate rather trying to mortal patience, the file dragged its slow length around the corner of the Rue Castiglione, from which point I could see that the train had grown prodigiously in our rear.

'While crawling along the Rue de Rivoli, we had abundant leisure to contemplate the dingy old 'Chateau,' whose illuminated windows were throwing a blaze of light over the deserted gardens. Was ever edifice so ridiculous, for a palace, as the Palace of the Tuileries? that is, as to its exterior? If it were not that the sanctifying influence of historical association consecrates every stone in the old-fashioned building, it would long ago have given place to a structure more in accordance with the refined and classical tastes of the French people. The dusky front is loaded with niches and panels, and busts, statues, vases, rosettes, and festoons; the peaked roof rises amid clusters of sprouting chimneys, in the semblance, as GEOFFREY CRAYON observes, of a gendarme's cocked-hat; the quadriform cupola that surmounts the central tower reminds you of the cover of a potato-dish, and the pavilions at the wings are not unlike over-grown sentry-boxes.'

At length our correspondent finds himself in the '*Sallé des Maréchaux*,' where the 'increased brilliancy of the uniforms, a greater density and diminished movement of the masses, facing in one direction, indicated the presence of royalty:'

'This is a noble saloon, occupying the middle tower, (*Tour de l'Horologe*), of equal dimensions on each side, with a vaulted ceiling, formed by the great central dome, and a narrow railed gallery, extending around the walls at a considerable height from the floor. It is hung with the full-length portraits—hence its name—of the living Marshals of France; one of the frames being then vacant by the death of Marshal MORTIER, Duke of Treviso, one of the victims of FIESCHI's Infernal Machine. There was but one cotillion formed here; this was directly in front of the King; in it his daughters were dancing, and for their benefit TOLBECQUE's band in the gallery was giving the then novel and fashionable quadrilles of the Postillion de Lonjumeau, with percussion-cap accompaniment, staccato. It was rather a tedious process to filter through the throng, but at length we gained a position tolerably near the front. The lookers-on formed a vast crescent inclosing the dancers, and facing the benches on which sat the Royal Family, backed by the dames d'honneur, wives of foreign ministers, and inmates of the Chateau. The King occupied the middle of the front bench. He was dressed in the simple uniform of a Colonel of the National Guards, with white pantaloons coming under the boot. He wore no star, cordon, or other sign of his rank. He is rather thick, and under the middling height, but as this is owing to the shortness of his legs, the defect is not remarked when he is seated. Though nearly sixty-five years of age, his brown wig curled into a graceful top-knot of the old school, and sparse gray whiskers, brushed jauntily forward, gave to his bronzed and furrowed features the look of a well-preserved, gay campaigner of fifty. The narrowness of his forehead, and the breadth of the lower part of his face, though not displeasing, but on the contrary, rather giving dignity to his countenance, re-



minded one of a caricature of the royal physiognomy, under the semblance of a pear, just then very popular, on account of an unsuccessful prosecution of the artist, and the fruitless endeavors of the police to suppress its circulation. There was a stereotyped smile upon his features, and he occasionally half-closed his eyes, as though he were near-sighted.

'On his right was the Queen, AMELIE, a thin, refined-looking woman, considerably past her prime. She wore a hat, and her very light hair, almost white, was crêped and frizzed into vapory curls about her eyes, which were marked by the shadowy circle that BULWER considers an 'indication of the mind or the heart overtaken.' She had a sad and tearful expression of countenance, owing, it was said, to her incessant anxiety for the safety of her husband, who was just about these times a favorite target for the bullets of the republicans. She looked the gentle and benevolent character the world gave her credit for. On the King's left sat his sister, Madame ADELAIDE, in a turban and dress of white and gold, a masculine-looking person, the very image of himself, with the same prominent weather-worn features. She must have seen a good deal of the world, but detraction has never breathed upon her name.'

'His *personnelle*, as here given, explains all this,' might be said by a 'man-of-the world.' Here are three little cabinet-pictures :

'After a set or two had been danced, an onset of the waltzers broke through the thick array of our thronged legion, and we backed and sidled with the rest until we were enabled to retreat through a side-door that led out upon the great balcony. A couple of vacated chairs invited us to contemplate at ease the fine view beneath us, of the gardens, and the river, and the long lines of light stretching through the Elysian Fields to the Triumphal Arch at the *Barrière du Trône*. From this window LOUIS LE GRAND no doubt often exhibited himself to the admiring gaze of his enthusiastic subjects, leaning perhaps his angust elbows upon the very railing where we presumptuously rested the soles of our pumps.' . . . 'THE military uniforms seemed to predominate over the plainer court dresses. There were English hussars, Austrian hulans, and Russian lancers, jostling the wearers of crachats, grand cordons, and gold-bedizzened diplomatists. A conspicuous figure on the floor was a sandy-haired individual, in complete highland costume, with a lady on each arm. This proved to be a great Scotch duke, with his wife and daughter. He held by the sheath a claymore, with a golden basket-hilt, given to one of his ancestors by JAMES the First. This worthy succeeded in attracting the attention of the King, and was presently conducted by an aide toward the royal seat. As LOUIS PHILIPPE politely rose and held him in conversation, the ladies of the circle had an opportunity of admiring the highlandman's bony shanks, his golden sword-hilt, which he seemed to hold up to the King's nose, his kilt and plaid, phillibeg, and other interesting nationalities.' . . . 'WE strolled on into the deserted throne-room, at the farther end of which, a door leading to the private apartments of the royal family, was stationed an usher, ready to give a hint if necessary to any over-inquisitive guest. A throne has no terrors when there is no king upon it. NAPOLEON once defined it to be merely '*six planches de sapin et un tapis de velours*.' So we insolently seated ourselves upon the steps, by way of verifying the mighty emperor's definition.'

Of the grand supper our correspondent simply remarks: 'There was nothing peculiarly royal about the eatables, which were merely in good taste and great abundance. A claret jug of fine Bordeaux was placed at my elbow, and my

champaigne-glass kept constantly full by a fellow behind me. Bearing in mind the expectants to come after us, I lost no time in attacking a Mayonnaise and demolishing a pheasant; swallowed a few jellies, confitures de bar, and ices à la plombières, the most delicious kind of ice that is made, and was glad to withdraw, while yet able, from the annoying attentions of my solemn friend in the rear, with the inexhaustible champaigne-bottle.' Let us take a hasty glance at the conclusion :

'Toward four o'clock, the reflux tide poured down the grand stair-case. The crush-room in the vestibule, screened from the fresh air by a glass partition, was now filled with muffled groups waiting for their carriages, whose successive arrival was announced by a gigantic porter, with a voice like an earthquake. There was some entertainment in observing the personages as they moved off in acknowledgment of their names. 'Les gens de Madame la Marquise de St. BÉTISE!' Here a little lady with a tall moustached cavalier slipped out. 'Les gens de Monsieur le Comte de BOUTE-JAC!' Forth stepped a powdered antediluvian, wearing the cross of Saint Louis. 'Les gens de Monsieur Tonson!' roared the porter, at the top of his lungs. I observed through the scenes the opened countenance of our sable ARIEL, and recognized the sonorous patronymic which I had desired him to give in for us. Several heads were turned inquiringly to see who might be the fortunate bearer of that historical name. But we were just then too busily engaged with a lady's shawl to satisfy the public curiosity, and suffered the carriage to be driven on, to give place to 'the Marquis of CARABAS' people!'

It is a pleasant thought that our American minister, standing on a beautiful day in autumn upon the hill whose summit is crowned by the famous Chateau of St. Cloud, should have indulged in these 'comparative' reflections upon the beloved 'native land' which he had left behind him. The beautiful valley of the Seine was before him: but so also was the river-scenery, which in his mind's eye at the moment blotted out all else from his patriotic vision :

'Our lakes and rivers, plains, valleys, and forests, are impressed with a character of vastness, if I may coin an abstract term, which is itself one of the attributes of true sublimity, and which produces upon the traveller who visits them emotions which no after-events in life can efface. I never felt more profoundly the weakness of man and the power of God, than when seated in a frail birch canoe, with its ribs of cedar and its covering of bark, descending the Mississippi in the night, and approaching the junction of this mighty river with the mightier Missouri.

'These little Indian boats are admirably calculated for the manners of our aborigines, and of the Canadian voyageurs, their co-tenants of the western forests, and often their co-descendants from the same stock, and for the various lines of internal communication which Nature has so bountifully provided for the trans-Alleghany regions. Driven by the paddle and by the wind, with great ease and velocity, light and apparently fragile, they are managed with skill, and safely ride over the waves, which they seem hardly to touch; and when they reach an interruption in the navigation, they are taken from the water and carried to the next point of embarkation, across the intervening country. I had come down the Mississippi in one of these shells, paddled by a crew of voyageurs—a race of men of tried fidelity, of wonderful muscular strength, and with powers of abstinence and repletion alternately tried by periods of want and abundance, which are at once

the effect and the accompaniment of nomadic life. No Frenchman exceeds them in animal spirits, and no Dutchman in love of tobacco; and their intervals of exertion and repose are called *pipes* and *pauses*; and during the former, they paddle with the utmost force of their tawny arms, keeping time to their songs, which break upon the silence of the forest, while the period of relaxation is passed in cheerful conversation.

‘One of those excitements, almost periodical, which make their appearance among our Indian tribes, and which spread alarm upon the frontiers, had suddenly manifested itself upon the upper regions of the Mississippi; and I had descended the river with a rapidity till then unknown; travelling day and night, with short intervals of repose for my willing but weary crew. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have sought the first good place of encampment which presented itself, toward the decline of day, and, landing, should have taken from the water and brought to shore my canoe and luggage; and, pitching my tent, and lighting a good fire, should have disposed myself for a comfortable supper and a quiet night. But I was obliged to forego these luxuries of interior western travelling; and the night had already commenced, when I passed the mouth of the Illinois, and was advanced, when the gradual relaxation of the current warned us that we were approaching the point of junction of those great arteries of the continent, where the Missouri precipitates itself, with the force of its tremendous stream, into the Mississippi, and sending its current almost to the opposite bank, checks, for many miles, the power of its rival—a rival which usurps its name, but whose changed characteristics from here to the sea, sufficiently indicate its inferiority. The peculiar features of these great rivers, seeking their origin in regions so distant, and mingling in a common mass to pour their joint floods into the ocean, presents one of the most interesting subjects of consideration which the study of our geology offers to the inquirer.

‘The current of the Missouri is prodigious—boiling, whirling, eddying, as though confined within too narrow a space, and striving to escape from it: it is perpetually undermining its banks, which are thrown into the stream, almost with the noise of an avalanche; and its water is exceedingly turbid, mixed with the earth, of which it takes possession, and exhibiting a whitish, clayey appearance, so dense and impenetrable to the light, that it is impossible to discern an object below the surface of the river. The Mississippi, on the contrary, is a quiet, placid stream, with a gentle current and transparent water, where the traveller leaves few traces of its ravages behind him, and apprehends no danger before him. We had no moon, but the stars shone brightly, and danced in the clear water of the river, revealing the dark foliage of the forest, which seemed like walls to inclose us as we swept along, but still opening a passage to us as we advanced. Our Canadians had been merry, sending their songs along the water, breaking the stillness of the night alternately by the clear voice of the favorite singer, and then by the loud chorus, in which each joined with equal alacrity and strength of lungs. But as the night closed around us, their gayety disappeared; and the song and the chorus gradually died away, leaving us in the silence of the flood and forest, which seemed to be our world; alive only with the little band whose destiny was committed to as frail a bark as ever tempted danger.

‘There seemed to be something sacred in the place and circumstances. There was indeed no holy ground, nor was there near a burning bush, nor warning voice to proclaim the duty of adoration. But we all felt that we had reached one of

those impressive spots in the creation of God, which speak His power in living characters; and we had reached it, covered by the shadows of night, whose obscurity, while it shrouded the minuter features of the scene, could not conceal its great outlines, though it added to the deep and breathless emotions with which we gazed around us, seeking to penetrate the narrow, gloomy barrier that shut us in. We felt the very moment when we touched the waters of the Missouri. We heard the boiling of its mighty stream around us. We were launched upon our course almost like a race-horse in the lists. Our light canoe was whirled about by the boiling flood, and the thick, muddy water sent us back no friendly stars to guide and enliven us. The slightest obstacle we might have encountered — a tree projecting from the bank, a 'sawyer,' or a floating log — would have torn off the frail material which was alone between us and the stream, and left not one of us to tell the story of our fate. And it was impossible to distinguish the danger, or to take any measures to avert it. But we reached St. Louis in safety; and I look back to the impressions of that night as among the most powerful which a life not void of adventure has made upon me.'

But a very lovely scene was before the writer: and with all his patriotism and love of country, he could not choose but spread it before the eyes of his and our readers:

'STANDING on the elevated plateau of St. Cloud, the eye wanders over this delightful valley, strewn with palaces, chateaux, temples, villages, groves, and cottages, and then rests on the great city which lies before it in the distance. The nearest and most prominent object is the Arc de Triomphe, one of the most splendid efforts of modern architecture, and well worthy to form the portal of such a capital. Beyond it rise the dome of the 'Invalides,' the towers of Notre Dame, the Column of the Place Vendome, the granitic Obelisk of SASOIRIS, and many other structures which embellish the French metropolis, and break the uniformity of its world of houses. And then comes the mass of buildings which bound the view in this direction, and which, burnished by the setting sun, seem like a rampart of light guarding the eastern horizon.'

It required a MAN, at 'PHILIPPE'S Court' — an American, and a 'true American' — to write in this frank, open, western fashion. Our correspondent is speaking of the dinner-of-state given by the 'Last of the Bourbons' at the renowned chateau of Saint Cloud:

'I do not intend to betray my ignorance, by any affected knowledge of the sublime mysteries of French gastronomy. As to the *mets*, and the *entremets*, and all the other terms which belong to this favorite science, I avow, with all reasonable humility, that one more unlearned in the compositions they designate, can no where be found. And after having had some opportunities, and not unfavorable ones, too, to indulge in the good things of Parisian *gourmanderie*, I do not hesitate to make the shameful confession, that I have cooked a piece of bear's-meat upon a stick before the fire, with nothing but the woods around me, and the heavens above me, and have cut off the morsels with a knife, while I held them with my fingers, and then ate them with greater relish than ever accompanied the choicest dish which I have partaken in France. And I was one day exceedingly diverted with an amusing incident, which recalled to me forcibly the contrast between past and present scenes. Circumstances rendered it necessary that I should once resort to CHEVET,

the celebrated restaurateur of the Palais Royal, to prepare a dinner for me. It is a folly I have not committed since, nor do I intend to; for such a display suits my taste as little as it does my finances. And behold, to my amazement, the *artiste*, as the French call him, but in plain truth, this man of pots and kettles, drove up to the door in a handsome carriage, and descended the steps, which his postillion let fall, with all the air of the President of the Council. 'Thinks I to myself,' verily, a contrast! Western life and Parisian life have their peculiar characteristics; but give me the freedom and the excitement of our forests, and I will cheerfully relinquish all participation in the efforts of Parisian cooks, even when they repair to their labor in their own carriages.'

'THE order and silence with which the domestic service of the dinner was conducted, were honorable to the interior organization of the royal household. There was no hurry nor confusion on the one hand, nor indifference nor carelessness on the other; but the servants were alert and attentive, and there was at least one domestic for each person at the table. Like the customary arrangements at the French dinners, there were three removes, and the dishes were changed and renewed with promptitude and regularity, being brought in by a long file of servants, each of whom delivered his charge to a superior attendant, by whom it was placed upon the table. The whole ceremony did not exceed one hour, when we returned to the Salon of Reception in the order we had left it. In French society, the practice which prevails in England, and which we have borrowed from that country, of sitting at table after the ladies have retired, and *guzzling* wine, (the epithet is a coarse one, but not so coarse as the custom,) is unknown. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought to be banished. It leads too often to orgies, and not to pleasures; substituting for rational enjoyment excessive indulgence. I have never been at a dinner in Continental Europe, where the ladies and gentlemen did not retire from the table together. It is very seldom that the entertainment exceeds eighty or ninety minutes; and often, after returning to the salon, I have heard some experienced *eater* observe, with all the self-complacency inspired by a most satisfactory meal: '*It was an excellent dinner, and we were at table but an hour!*' '

In other regards, our old and highly esteemed correspondent was equally explicit. Speaking of the *Italian and French Opera at Paris*, he says:

'I MUST avow, with equal frankness, humility, and bad taste, that I have no *ecstasies* for the *artifices* of music, and that I have a most unfashionable contempt for all operas, whether Italian or Potawatamie; whether represented at the Odéon, or at the council-house of my old friend TOENIKÉ. And if I were compelled to select the greatest absurdity which modern fashion exhibits, it would be a troupe of performers, singing at each other, as though carrying on the real business of life, and that, too, in a language which not one in twenty of the enraptured auditory understands.'

We close the present number of our 'Editorial Historical Narrative of the KNICKERBOCKER' (we certainly must extend it to at least *four* numbers more, to bring it within ten years of our later readers,) with the subjoined eloquent and patriotic reflections:

'THANK GOD! we have in our country '*neither poverty nor riches*,' in the European acceptance of these terms. We have none of those over-grown fortunes, which ac-

accumulate in particular families enormous wealth, placing under their control large regions of fertile land, with all who inhabit them; and thus rendering the mass miserable, that the few may live in luxury. I content myself with stating the facts as they exist, without comment or reproach; neither seeking to investigate the cause nor to suggest the remedy. As one of the phases of human life, an American may well be anxious to observe the condition and manners of high European society, and to describe them for his countrymen. But the description, if faithful, will contain much more for warning than for imitation. When contrasted with the extremity of penury and wretchedness which every where meet the eye, the present tendency of the institutions in Europe, whether continental or insular, presents a subject of painful reflection to the foreign traveller, and I should think of serious alarm to every lover of good-order, and to every well-wisher to human nature. In fact, European society is a volcano, prepared at any moment for an eruption, which may bury beneath its lava the happiness of generations.'

Our limits, this moment 'cramped' at the best, are already exceeded: and we pause until the 'ides of November.'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We are not going to name the paper, because that might seem invidious: but there lies before us a nicely-printed sheet, promulgated weekly in a New-England State, which shall be nameless, in which the 'style,' spelling, lingual conspicuity, verbal pellucidity, and general arrangement, out-Bunkums the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo' entirely. From the 'Prospectus' thus we quote:

'Our readers may expect these columns open for all subjects, that are of practical importance to the world.'

'It would be our highest duty, as well as necessity, to present all matter in the most simple, and truthful manner. All attempts to make popular display, or style will be neglected.'

'No insertion will appear in our columns unless we are satisfied of its value, and none will be refused which presents that appearance, although the party may be found in poverty's vale.'

'No sect or party are preferred but intend all to have a space in our humble sheet if their productions are in our estimation worthy. We have a long time been satisfied that truth is not confined to sect or party, but that it permeates the whole body of humanity. It shines more beautifully, in our estimation, in some departments than others, but to us because we assimilate nearer than others in the same degree of unfoldment and taste. So then, with these views thus frankly presented, we extend our invitation alike to believers in any religion and those of no religion, believers in any political doctrine or none, believers in any doctrines or dogmas that ever flashed through the human brain. We have an opinion as to the more common subject of the day and dare express it. We occupy the highest summit of freedom that we can conceive it possible for us to occupy, yet we must be honest enough to assure our readers that we sometimes feel the iron heel of public opinion bearing us



downward. Not, however, as we should if we lived under the shade of steeples towering upward as if to attract the notice of the God who is so formally worshipped beneath their pillars.'

'All who feel interested in our humble efforts will do us the favor to encourage the patronage of this paper.'

#### POLITICAL CONVENTION AT THE JUNCTION.

'This call was to meet, August seventh, at White River Junction. We was there. The convention was fully attended and a manifestation of zeal and determination.'

#### A SCREW LOOSE 'SOMEWHERE'S.'

'It is now, by common consent admitted, that large amounts of the people's money is taken for electioneering purposes, and thereby our taxes and revenue must yield one hundred millions of Dollars per Annum to keep the national wheels in motion. This practice has, also, encouraged the smaller wheels in our national ones to adopt similar habits. The several states and towns have caught the contagion, so that the election of an honest, intelligent, capable man for office is almost hopeless. The man of money who can either oppress the poor or allure them by his paper vanities is the man.'

#### THE EDITOR AT THE BURLINGTON QUARTERLY CONVENTION.

'BURLINGTON, although one of our largest towns, did afford but a few guests to partake of the spiritual food that this occasion offered. Whether the different dishes served for the occasion did not meet their wants, or whether they had so long been shaded by church steeples that the sun-light of truth was too bright for their delicate souls, we do not know, but for the above or some other reasons, they were not out with but few exceptions. . . . We like their devotion and zeal, but do not think but little of their discretion, for variety is highly essential to give instruction and pleasure. It is not our taste to praise the living or eulogize the dead, but will say that the Dedication discourse, on this occasion, was a good one in our estimation. The discourse could not be heard only by about two-thirds of the audience as space in the new hall (although of good dimensions) forbid. We have not attended a meeting, for some time, where we saw so many of the old pioneers in the cause as here. We trust, Brother ROGERS, will keep this building dedicated forever to the cause of truth, and that the matron mother and aged father, now enjoying the pleasures of faith in the cause, to make happier the domestic circle of their devoted son, as their physical forms pass down the cataract of human events to the narrow house, and shall be living examples to the rising generations that are springing up after them. . . . We did not go there to get our brow fanned by the popular, be praised by the bigot, but to get some gem of truth that we had not when we went, this we did not get, or at least we are not yet conscious of it. The meeting as a whole, in our estimation, was second or third rate for the kind. It consisted of two elements, that will always hurt the enjoyment and benefit of the occasion. One of these elements was a formality only equalled by the most formal sectarian church. The other to which we allude, was an unmistakable desire to make the meeting acceptable to the popular.'

#### THE EDITOR AT A DEDICATION AT LOCUST-CREEK HOUSE.

'It as a whole was a good time. From six to seven hundred people were gathered to listen to the speakers of the occasion.'



'We took to conspicuous a part in the management of the meeting, to become us in finding fault with *that*, although it came far short of what we regard as a pattern in that particular. We done the best we could under the circumstances, and of course should be satisfied.'

Original Poetry.

'ACCIDENT IN A WAGIN TO MR. URIAH HINKSTON, OF NORTH MIDDLEBURGH FOUR-CORNERS.

'He took his dog and gun,  
And went into the field,  
And hunted all the day,  
But nothing did he kill.'

The horses, which he had left in the 'shady woods' after returning from his successful hunt, 'he tackled the wagin to 'em;' but they ran away with him; and he 'came near a-breaking of his neck:'

'The black horses did run,  
And the wagin did spill:  
Gaulblast the black Hosses,  
For sell 'em I will!'

And he did: he 'disposed' of 'em next day, to a friendly neighbor at a bargain. There! Now let us ask: was not the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' after all, a truthful representative of a certain class of 'Little Peddlington' papers in this happy and fruitful country of ours? Verily, it was even so. - - - 'SPIKE's '*Waiting for the Mail*,' we dare 'qualify,' is a veritable 'Pencilling from Nature.' It has all the characteristics of a 'drawing taken on the spot:'

'WHOA-UP!' cries the man that brings the mail from the dépôt to the post-office. 'Whoa! you plaguey creter!' The 'plaguey creter' 'whos' just long enough for his driver to throw the heavy bags upon the platform, and sing out 'Yers' yer mail,' and then rattles off to the stable.

'The arrival of the mail, in a large village, is the event of the day, and no sooner have the plethoric bags been 'snaked' into the back-office than the heterogeneous expectants hive around the various deliveries, although a good half-hour is consumed daily in overhauling and distributing the precious matter.

'On such an occasion, one who has an eye open cannot fail to note traits in character and insignificant incidents, which ordinarily would afford little interest or amusement, but seen in such a motley assemblage, furnish ground for comparison if not thought, and bring out those ludicrous points of humanity which one with a keen sense can fully appreciate and enjoy.

'Anxious to ascertain if a letter bearing the superscription of 'LEONIDAS THERMOPYLE SPIKE, Esq.,' was among the in'ards of those huge leathern bags that the driver of the 'pesky creter' had tossed upon the steps; I walked into the office resolved to wait it out.

'Is the mail in?' asks a little dried-up man, elbowing his way to the glass-cases and flattening his nose thereon.

'It an't any where else,' responds a gigantic countryman with a gigantic ox-gad on his shoulder, the lash of which seems exceedingly annoying to the eyes of an effeminate-looking store-clerk.

'Git off of my toes, dog-gone you!' exclaims a great, long-legged article of humanity in linsey-woolsey to a short, stubbed Hibernian, who is striving to peep into the upper tier of boxes.

“Was it your toes now I was standin' on? Bedad I thought it was your whole *ful*,” replies the gentleman from Ireland. A loud laugh follows this rejoinder, accompanied with a remark in reference to some body's ‘making a wake dod-ratted soon.’

“Just-let-me-get-by-with-these-here-letters,” says a pussy, apoplectic man with a short, red neck; round, purple face, and blue camlet cloak.

“You'll have to run up some creek and spawn first,” answers a devil-may-care-looking fellow, with a slouched hat full of hair, and a mouth-full of ‘nail-rod.’

“Young man,” wheezes fatty, ‘young man, you an't nobody, so I do n't care nothin' for what you says.’

“Good-boy, old SKELETON! stick to it; we'll grease wagon-wheels with your shadder when the sun comes out,” replies ‘NOBODY.’

“Is there any thing for Miss BRIGGS?” cries a shrill, female voice from the outskirts of the crowd.

“No, I guess he did n't write this time,” replies a saucy-looking, half-grown boy, ducking his head out of sight.

“You ought'er be learned better manners, you reptile!” rejoins BRIGGS, greatly excited.

“I allers told him so,” replies ‘reptile,’ in a smothered voice, as though he was on the lower step of the cellar-stairs.

“Sister BRIGGS,” exclaims a gaunt, cadaverous-looking individual, completely *im-mersed* in a white neck-cloth; ‘Sister BRIGGS, I would n't take notis of what eny degenerate feller might say; some folks do n't know good manners, and act jest as bad before people as they do when alone, and——’

“Where is widdier BAKER?” cries some body in an assumed tone, (white neck-cloth ‘dries up.’)

“Why on airth an't this mail open?” inquires an ugly, sour-looking face thrust partly in at the outer door.

“They're waitin' for you, VINEGAR CHOPS,” responds some scamp in the crowd.

“You go to the D—L, will ye,” cries VINEGAR CHOPS.

“No, I can't. Take my regrets to him when you go back, OLD TARTAR-EMETIC.” (VINEGAR CHOPS *alias* ‘OLD TARTAR-EMETIC,’ must have ‘gone back,’ for he immediately left the office.)

“Look here, Sir, can't you keep that lash out of my eyes and nose?” asks the effeminate clerk in a very effeminate tone of voice.

“Wal, I reckon if your nose is clean the lash can stan' it,” replies the big countryman.

“I am not an ox yet, to be under your gad, or any other loafer's like you,” rejoins clerk, in a spirited, squeaking voice.

“You an't! Wal, if they do n't kill you for veal, you may be some time or 'nother,” replies the ponderous yeoman with a ponderous grin. (Incipient ox says nothing, but looks at least two yards of ‘truck’ out of countryman's wife at the next trade.)

‘Flap, flap, open the little doors, and the swaying in the crowd indicates the distribution of the mail. Fifty voices cry out fifty different names. Fifty voices cry out fifty different numbers. Fifty men crowd up to the little window; thirty-five get nothing, and crowd down again. I rush with the rest; I put my head half through the aperture. I get a good snuff of the sanctum-sanctorum, (newspaper, and old boots; hot!)

“SPIKE!” I cry.

'SMIKE?' repeats the bustling clerk.

'No; *Spike* — S-P-I-K-E!'

'Nothing,' answered clerk.

'I turn to crowd out. 'Hold on!' he cries. 'What's the first name?'

'LEONIDAS THERMOPYLÆ,' I reply.

'Yes, here is one,' says he to me. ('What a name!' says he to himself.)

'I break the seal: it's from New-York:

'DEAR SPIKE: Please let us know what you saw while waiting for the mail.

'Yours, etc.,

'KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

'And 100,000 Readers.'

'By ginger! I'll do so!' - - - WILL *somebody* be good enough to tell us who wrote the '*Ode to Lamb*,' which ensues? It would have hit the quaint fancy, and pleased the rare wit, of CHARLES LAMB himself:

'HIND-QUARTERS of the type of innocence,  
Whether with peas and mint I must dispense,  
Or go the twain, blaspheming the expense,  
And thus enjoy thee in the keenest sense:  
That is the question.

'Rear section of young mutton! — tender food!  
Just in the dawn of grass-fed juicyhood:  
Dainties like thee should not be served up nude,  
But graced with all the trimmings understood,  
To help digestion.

'Then boil the peas, the fragrant mint prepare;  
Be thou, prime joint, not over-done nor rare:  
Concoct the gravy with exceeding care;  
When all is ready, serve — I shall be there —  
I always am.

'Incipient sheep's-meat, when on thee I dine,  
Hot be the plate and icy-cold the wine:  
Three slices mid-way of the leg be mine —  
Then put the rest away, for very fine  
Is cold roast lamb.'

This writer is a refined *gourmet*. - - - We had just been reading the *Report of the 'Yonkers Horticultural Society*,' handed to us by our old contributor, 'Mr. SPARROWGRASS;' who, with other prominent citizens of that charming village-neighbor of ours over the Hudson, is deeply interested in the 'good and beautiful work;' when we opened, from our morning mail, a letter from a comparatively new correspondent, which contains this pleasant horticultural picture of Columbia, South-Carolina:

'THE business of Columbia, aside from its retail trade, amounts to mere nothing. Columbia never will be any thing more than a retail place. Charleston is accessible to all the principal points in the State. Charleston is the only commercial city in South-Carolina — the only place that can command the trade of any extent of country outside of its own vicinity. Columbia is, and always will be, the political centre of the State. But the pride of Columbia is in its institutions of learning, and in its splendid gardens.

'The great attraction of Columbia is its numerous and magnificent gardens. It has long borne the name of the 'Flower-Garden of the South:' and this name it is, without doubt, justly entitled to. The city is built on the 'spread-eagle' principle —

the cover-all-the-ground-you-can-get principle: every residence surrounded with a garden — a block, or half-block, fenced in with a brick wall, or walled in with a board fence, about eight feet high: the ground of which inclosure is kept in a high state of cultivation, planted with choice flowers and shrubbery, and all exquisitely arranged. They are truly delightful places, regular harems, or would be, if in Turkey.

‘At the North, a garden is a place for raising potatoes, cabbage, onions, and other useful vegetables; but here it is a different sort of thing altogether. It is an inclosure, as I have told you, varying in extent according to the size of the man’s pile; but generally about a block or half-block, with a marble-house made out of wood, standing near the middle, for the man to live in; a glass-house, near one corner, for such delicate plants as are not partial to winter, to live in; a great variety of flowers and curious-smelling weeds, and strange bushes; and what ground is vacant, laid off into fancy paths and walks, with the grass hoed out, which would be such nice places for school-girls to hip-it-t-hop.

‘Then there are thick bunches of grape-vines running over racks, laden with hanging clusters of grapes, such as the spies got in Canaan, and fig-trees more than thirty-five feet high, though history says they only grow twenty, loaded with ripening figs, and plums, and apricots, and pears, and peaches, and oranges, and nectarines, and pomegranates, temptingly waiting for school-boys to come around. Then, again, there is cedar of Lebanon, and magnolia, and olive, and laurel, and hybiscus, and laurestenius, and butlea, and abutelon, and estrapia, and cotoneaster, and oleander, and palmetto, locked in each other’s embrace, and gayly holding blossoms in their hands, while, aloof from all, stands lone Acacia, weeping; and creeping up among them is the cactus, and the jasmine, and the passion-vine, and the honey-suckle, and bignonia, and the lantania, and the mysteria, and the plumbago, and the ipomœa, and the asclepias, unfolding their rich tinted and sweet-scented buds to entice, while they stealthily entwine their long tendril-fingers around the arms and bodies of the flowering trees, binding them into arbors that exclude the rays of the sun and the gaze of the world; where a poetic young man and a romantic young woman might repose on a green mossy bank, beneath the luxuriance of foliage, inhaling the perfume-sickened air that swoons around them, and, forgetting the world and themselves, fancy that they were in the Garden of Eden, eating apples.

‘The Gardenia is the most fragrant flower known. Last week one of these lovely flowers was given me by a little girl in the street, whom I never saw before, and probably never shall again; I put it in a glass of water, and it now fills my room with exquisite perfume. It is astonishing the amount of perfume one of these little flowers can contain. The flower, when full-blown, is larger than the rose, is perfectly white, and grows on a bush, with a dark-green leaf; the leaf, both of the flower and the bush, is thick and tough, and does not easily wilt: they are poisonous, if eaten. The most common way of propagating this plant is by cutting a twig, with a flower on it, and putting the end of the twig in a bottle of water: in a week’s time, it will begin to send out roots, then it may be set in the ground, and will continue to grow. There is a richness about the gardenia that would make it a favorite, if it were not a flowering shrub. Here, in the gardens, the bush grows about six to seven feet high, and from five to eight feet across; but in the low-lands, along the coast, it may be met with in a round, oval hill, thirty feet across, and in its flowering magnificence, every twig bearing a blossom in the course of the season. It blooms from April to September, and is an evergreen.

‘This shrub is a native of South-Carolina, and, according to its early history, it

was discovered by a man by the name of GARDEN, and hence its name. It grows spontaneously along the coast, and on the capes of South-Carolina, Alabama, Florida, and on some of the islands.

'But the pomegranate is the most beautiful of all the flowering trees, with its long, slender boughs and crimson blossoms, like a flock of brilliant red-birds, nestling in the green, and gently swaying in the breeze. There are four species of the pomegranate: the single and double-red, the variegated, and the white.

'In a tropical climate, the flowers have a more delicate tint, and a richer perfume than they do in a Northern climate. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but it will not be as sweet at the North as at the South. The roses are now blooming a second time; and such roses as they have here, I never saw North. There is more attention given to the culture of flowers in the Southern States than in the Northern States — perhaps not more attention given, but the same attention produces more and finer flowers. The gardens are private property, but they are open to visitors at all hours of the day, and open to students at all hours of the night.

'This is a city set upon a hill. A city upon a hill, though hid — hid by its wealth of foliage; yet a city that may not be forgotten. It will linger in the memory, lasting as the principles of its people, bright as the eyes of its fair daughters, graceful as the waving boughs of its blossoming trees, delicate as the shading of its tinted roses, and fragrant as the flowers whose perfumed breath loads the passing breeze. Fair Columbia! — Floral Queen of the South! — I lift my hat to thee. T. H. U.'

Our correspondent is greatly mistaken in supposing that we have no gardens and shrubbery worthy of the name, at the North. We should like to show him 'a few' that we wot of, which adorn numerous palatial residences upon the banks of our glorious Hudson. - - - A FRIEND writing from Wilkesbarre, (Penn.,) says: 'On Friday last, I was so fortunate as to obtain a copy of KNICKERBOCKER for September, in the cars, which served to make pleasant a rainy evening in a lonesome hotel. By your leave, I should like to say a few words on the 'philological' section of the '*Chapter on Rats.*' Rats 'undermine house-foundations,' whereby 'down comes your house:' for we have it on high authority that

'You take my house, when you do take  
The prop that doth sustain it:'

and I learned in the moral town of Boston, that '*props*' has a *certain* connection with 'money.' This granted, I have a proposition to state, which will most likely be admitted by your contributor, (if his brain be not addled by the study of Supply and Demand,) namely: that low wages keeps the workman poor. 'Working for less than the regular wages' tends to a general reduction in prices, by which means the workers have less money, or less wherewith to *support* houses; and they who initiate the downward movement, may fairly be termed RATS: they gnaw away the *props*! Now, my dear sir, 'undermining' being a characteristic of the rat proper, does it not follow that 'undermining' is 'Ratting,' in the rat or the 'human?' Thus far, please consider WEBSTER vindicated. The politician part of the definition is out of my line. The use of the words 'Rats' and 'Ratting,' in the sense referred to, is, I believe, confined to printers. T. F. ADAMS is the author of a 'Printer's Grammar' — a fair work of its kind. Consult the same. Many thanks for the pleasant instruction your EDITOR'S TABLE has afforded one who was once a little

'DEVIL.'

WE take this brief but striking passage from an extended article in DICKENS' new journal, entitled '*Life in London Streets.*' That it is from the pen of DICKENS himself, no one acquainted with his manner can for a moment doubt:

'I CROSSED London Bridge, and got down by the water-side on the Surrey shore, among the buildings of the great brewery; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray-horses at their mangers, were capital company. Quite refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, setting the old King's Bench prison before me for my next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor HORACE KINCH, and the Dry Rot in men.

'A very curious disease the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried HORACE KINCH inside the wall of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-looking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the Dry Rot in men, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going any where when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient is living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion, 'Dry Rot,' when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance: a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this, succeeds a smell as of strong waters, in the morning; to that, a stronger smell as of strong waters, at all times; to that, a looseness respecting every thing; to that, a trembling of the limbs, somnolency, misery, and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it had been with the unhappy HORACE KINCH, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, 'So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him; and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot!' when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.'

How many men's experience, of 'old New-Yorkers' especially, can recall these examples of 'Dry Rot!' We have seen two to-day. We desire to preach no homily, nor to present an enforced lesson: but is there *not* a 'lesson' and a warning in the foregoing brief, sententious passage? We are *all* 'prone to evil, as the sparks which fly upward:' but a timely and kindly voice may arrest the downward footsteps. - - - Our new friend 'L. M.'s long 'screed' we heard years and years ago. This, briefly expressed, was what the eloquent Kentucky pettifogger said, in defence of his client: 'Do you think that in the plentiful State of Kentuckia, whar the land are plenty and the sile am rich, that *my* client broke into Capt. BOWDING's store and stole three hanks of cotting? I 'magine not: I s'pose he did n't!' - - - THERE is something very touching, to our mind, in a description, given in a late California journal, of '*An Elephant Dying of a Broken Heart:*' She lost her beloved mate, while swimming one of the wild rivers of the Golden State. She survived her partner but a little while. She performed, as usual, it is true: but it was remarked by all that she 'had not that pleased alacrity that she was wont to have.' She expressed her grief by low 'groanings which could not be uttered,' by 'frequent tears, and a strange look out of her eyes:' and in less than a week she gave up her elephan-



tine ghost. 'Two physicians dissected her, to ascertain the cause of her death. She was perfectly sound, with the exception of her heart. That had been burst or broken the day she lost her mate in the river. She was buried in the first ring that was made in that town.' Who can tell the emotions that weighed down that half-reasoning animal's 'spirit,' as she went through her daily and nightly rôle: a happy elephant before the world, yet thinking sorrowfully all the while of the loved and *lost*? - - - THE following 'POME' is respectfully dedicated to the author of '*The Mystic Weaver*,' recently noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER. The writer, who signs himself as '*One who Keeps his Mouth Open*,' desires us to 'send it to him, if we know where he is.' Well, we do *not*: but he will see the lines in these pages, without fail, 'let him be where he will, or not:'

Going Home.

'VEN von lettle pigs comes to me, den I cooks eim in mine pot, for of sich I gits mine livin'.

'Ah! the little pigs are going!  
JACOB calls them with some corn;  
Until winter they've been growing —  
In the spring-time they were born.  
How they lived, it seemed a wonder;  
All the neighbors said they'd die:  
It was cold, and 'wet as thunder,'  
And their nest was never dry:

'And a wolf, a very sly one,  
In a thicket lingered nigh;  
Every dreadful night she'd try one —  
Every night some pig must die.  
In the awful night they're going,  
Homeward carried in a sack;  
With the 'cutest sense of knowing,  
Quickly came they, running back.

'Then some strychnine careless throwing,  
For the wolves that prowl about;  
But there is no telling, knowing,  
When your neighbor's dog is out:  
And old JOWLER went a-trailing  
For the meat around the nest;  
So a dog with such a failing,  
Unprepared, went to his rest.

'In the garden, 'mong the roses,  
All so snugly they were put;  
But their everlasting noses  
All the tender plants uproot.  
One — the little cuss was striped —  
He could beat OLD SCRATCH to dig;  
I have not seen such a biped,  
Nor exactly such a pig:

'And a red one — he was spotless —  
Yet his feet would go astray;  
They two got in mischief, not less  
Than a dozen times a day.  
To the garden they would slip in,  
When the Dutchman was not there;  
To the eggs'-nests they would dip in,  
Then you'd hear the Dutchman swear!

'And they'd run into the kitchen  
 When no one was standing round;  
 To the milk-house they would pitch in,  
 And go through it at a bound:  
 'Den I vish der Teyfel takes you  
 By yon tail 'til you bez ded;  
 Den I vish der Teyfel shakes you  
 'Til you ish not wite fors red.'

'Then the Dutchman thought of Bacon,  
 And he let his vengeance pass  
 With the smothered oaths he'd taken,  
 And — he turned them out to grass.  
 When the corn was young and limber,  
 And the mellons in the bud,  
 They were running in the 'timber,'  
 Or were dreaming in the mud.

'Ever watching, see them listen,  
 As the shadows slow recede;  
 See their eyes all brightly glisten —  
 Jacob calls them up to feed.  
 Pleasant draughts they're daily drinking,  
 Feeling 'just as fine as silk,'  
 And their tails have got to kinking —  
 Jacob feeds them loppered milk.

'Ah! the little pigs are going —  
 Jacob calls them with some corn;  
 Until winter they've been growing —  
 In the spring-time they were born.  
 They are running, 'straight's a rifle,'  
 From the mud and from the mast;  
 'They bez goin' like der Teyfel,'  
 Den I kiltz dem at der last.'

The author of '*The Mystic Weaver*' must perceive how the 'simple elements' enter into this poetical composition, and how much the writer is indebted to him for a 'study' of his 'peculiar style.' - - - From the same lively correspondent who favored the readers of our last number with the '*Adventure with a California Lion*,' (which we perceive is having a very wide circulation among our contemporaries,) we derive the following sketch of '*Spearing the Salmon*.' Although as spirited as its predecessor, we are yet obliged to 'clip it' a little here and there, to bring it within the compass of our available space:

'It was a pleasant evening in June: the mountain-breeze had just began to cool the atmosphere, and dispel the languor of a hot day; when some inhabitants of the rancheria, lying lazily in picturesque attitudes under spreading trees, looked listlessly upon the landscape now nearly obscured by advancing night; others, assembled in groups near the different huts, were occupied in preparing salmon-spears: their unusual diligence indicating the approach of the periodical festival attending the capture of this superb fish.

'Here might have been observed among the fires, which had already been lighted, more dusky forms, armed with bows and arrows, clothed in blankets of bright colors, beads and trinkets pendent from their persons, and gay plumes decorating their heads, moving with moccasined feet from place to place; and still a greater number with only the customary shoe and cincture of buckskin, adorned by quills of the porcupine, spangles, and feathers, lounged carelessly, talking of to-morrow's anticipated sport: the monotonous hum of their voices interrupted at times by the

discordant barking of the wakeful dogs, or the sound of the soft air through the surrounding foliage.

'In the encampment's most important habitation — a luxurious superfluity of choice skins, together with its superior size and general liberality of equipment, marking it as the wigwam of the Chief of the tribe — with a sad yet pleasing expression of countenance, reclined the Dove of the Mohahoes, daughter of Beaver, whose wisdom and war-like qualities were regarded with much pride by his nation, and equal respect by his foes.

'Now the Dove being an Indian beauty of rare attractions, was the admired of all admirers among the youth of her people; but, as sometimes happens in civilized communities, there were two of the number more ardent in their attachment to the maiden than the rest, either of whom would have attempted any deed of daring, to have gained an approving smile from her fair features.

'These two were of unblemished reputation with the young men of the tribe; and there were few of the other sex who would not have been most happy to have had the regard of one or the other of the rivals: both had been upon the war-path, and each was well skilled in the use of the bow and in the pursuit of those vocations and sports that require strength, dexterity, and courage.

'As is usual, however, in such cases, the DOVE found no division in her affection, and therefore bestowed it all upon EAGLE-EYE. Whether he knew better than his competitor

— 'Every wily train,  
A woman's fickle heart to gain.'

or she had discovered certain attributes of his harmonizing with her own qualities of mind, which she could not perceive in LIGHT-FOOT, we know not; but certain it is that the latter, failing to secure her approval to his suit, had appealed from her adverse decision to the custom of their tribe, honored in its antiquity. This regulation, made and sanctioned by their ancestors, provided, that when the hand of a princess of the nation should be sought by a plurality of suitors, she should become the bride of that brave proving his manly superiority in contention for the desired prize, either in battle, the hunt, or the fishery.

'The following day would present a suitable period for this trial of skill; and BEAVER, being in duty bound to comply with the long-respected usage, had declared that his daughter should wed him, whom the judges (from among the old men) should decide to be most expertly successful in taking the salmon. Hence, the DOVE of the Mohahoes deplored the uncertainty of her fate; and fearing that to-morrow might bring her misery, she censured that injustice which left her no choice where her whole happiness was concerned, until anxiety at length yielded to hope, and sleep soothed her troubled spirit.

'Now LIGHT-FOOT venerated SOX-OF-WONDER, a great *Medicine*, to whom mightier powers were attributed by his believers, than the Magicians of the Egyptians possessed; and who, having been propitiated by fees, in the shape of trinkets, together with a quantity of fire-water, surreptitiously obtained from some unscrupulous trader, had promised miraculous aid, to insure the success of his client in the coming contest. So the sorcerer having just renewed his assurance of potent assistance, when it should be required, with salutations of mutual satisfaction they separated for repose.

'The last twinklings of the stars were yet discernible, when each able human being of the camp was busily alert. The breakfast of acorn-bread and jerked veni-

son, being speedily over, all belonging to the party, supplied with the necessary implements, having high hopes of a plentiful catch, moved blithely along the uneven banks of the rippling Merced, toward a point deemed eligible for their purpose.

'As they reached the chosen spot, the sun was just peering over the eastern cliffs at a picture grand in its wildness. The crystal stream, issuing from the deep solitude of the mountains, meandered at their base; now spreading over a widened surface, having a narrow beach on either side, or, confined by some rocky cañon, it flowed with accelerated force, feeling around, or dashing over, all impediments; in the distance, verdurous height on height rose through an ever pure atmosphere, culminating in a clear sky; far off, a range of peaks, snow-clad, glistened brilliantly; while nearer, ever-green pines, of gigantic growth, diversified the admirable prospect, made more beautiful by a grassy valley, whose fresh lap, a month before, was purpled with vernal flowers.

'The active men immediately began to construct a wear, or more correctly speaking, a kind of fence, where the water shoaled in a space of several hundred yards; but a little further down, the current became deeper, plunging over numerous rocks, foaming and boiling in its course. Salmon readily ascend these torrents, vigorously overleaping natural obstructions, and usually succeed in reaching the head-waters. This fence was intended to impede the flight of the fish when they should be driven from a point up-stream, and was composed of strong but pliable twigs, interwoven together, stretched through the river, rising about three feet above its surface, and serving generally as an effective obstacle to stay the further progress of the pursued.

'Having secured it properly, the company retraced their steps, by the margin of the stream, fully two miles; then producing a rope of vines, skilfully intertwined, each warrior, woman, and youth seized it, and rushing into the river, at once formed a line of antic humanity, extending from bank to bank. The object now was to fright the fish toward the net-work; and while they were surrounded in a contracted compass, the emulous duty of the spearmen would commence. Violently agitating the water, experts of both sexes, with loud and sportive out-cry, quickly disappeared in the depths beneath, scarcely pausing for breath as they returned to the surface; repeatedly immersing their brown bodies; now, one and another, diving suddenly and remaining long under water; or with shrill whoop and many grotesque gyrations and postures, going down all together; sweeping the bottom with apparently as much ease as so many Nereids and Mermen.

'Thus, the gay party swimmingly followed the finny game, shouting with exultation, when one of larger size, alarmed at the tumult behind, would spring out of its element; and when many fish appeared, as they drew near the goal of expectation, their energy of delight knew no bounds. Though all were extremely enthusiastic, yet LIGHT-FOOT and EAGLE-EYE were conspicuously so, and as the time of earnest action was at hand, each, armed with poised weapon, stood vigilantly awaiting an opportunity to strike. Presently numbers of fish were darting hither and thither; at once every barb descended, and almost as rapidly were the salmon landed. The next instant several of the braves were simultaneously struggling to complete a capture, or chasing with alacrity a lost spear. EAGLE-EYE and LIGHT-FOOT were closely observed by those who did not participate in this stimulating strife, and had astonished all beholders by their activity and adroitness. Each had strained every nerve to out-do his opponent, and performed, with steady agility, surprisingly skilful feats; and both had taken nearly an equal quantity of fish, with regard to size and weight. The entire company had secured hundreds of a kind that would have de-

lighted the senses of IZAAK WALTON, and the few remaining in the inclosure were still keenly sought for.

'A cry of see! see! concentrated the attention of all upon one of extra proportions which was vainly endeavoring to force its way between those who held the rope. Scared by the loud shouts, it quickly retreated through the stirred waves, and with a bound cleared the opposing fence. As speedily from many hands flew barbed points, and a burst of admiration rose as the rival lovers plunged after into the rapids below. Wrought to a pitch of intense excitement, headlong they had followed their descending strokes, and were now buffeting the rushing waters; but alas! the unfortunate LIGHT-FOOT had missed his aim, and EAGLE-EYE bore triumphantly to the shore the conquered salmon. Every one hurriedly gathered round, eager to view both captive and captor; curiosity prominent in the countenances of all, blended in the faces of the old with a smile of satisfaction, and the features of youth being sympathetically pleased, while the glad heart of the Dove of the Mohahoes glanced out of her bright eyes in the fulness of her joy.

'The judges could now, without hesitation, have decided in favor of EAGLE-EYE; but, as if to give unanimity to their opinion, and resolve all doubt of the justice of such a verdict; SON-OF-WONDER, who stood upon the verge of the stream, holding in one hand a suitable substance, burning as an incantation, and with the other a live fish belonging to LIGHT-FOOT; chagrined at the failure of his charm, relaxed his hold of the salmon, which, slipping from his grasp into the water, glided out of sight.

'The star of the great Medicine had reached its zenith; at that moment it began to decline. The disappointed LIGHT-FOOT turned upon him a gaze of withering indignation and disconsolately left the scene.

'The Dove of the Mohahoes and EAGLE-EYE were married the next day, when there was a merry feast, and every thing passed off pleasantly, for even the poor Indian can

— 'boast one splendid banquet once a year.'

AN-SILE.

We must hear again from 'A. S.' - - - 'I THINK it a duty I owe society,' (writes the correspondent to whom we are indebted for the history of 'SOLUM the Hermit,') 'to make public, through the appreciative columns of the KNICKERBOCKER, the choice specimen of the *'Curiosities of Epistolary Literature,'* inclosed herewith; which, for upwards of ten years past, in obedience to the injunction of the lady to whom it was addressed, has been wasting its sweetness on the desert air of a very private circulation. But she has now passed away: and as to the other party concerned, I think it sufficiently appears that he is not of the kind that read the KNICKERBOCKER; and, therefore, even if he 'still lives,' I presume he will never be either the wiser or the worse for the gratification which I intend his production shall give your readers. The lady addressed—she was young then, and very attractive in her personal appearance—while sojourning in a small Southern city, became aware that she was the object of rather peculiar attentions from a man of middle-age, *not* very attractive in *his* personal appearance, who persisted in staring at her in church, and following her in the street, till it became a serious annoyance to her. After a while, he found an opportunity to make some inquiries about her of the gentleman at whose house she was staying; who, not knowing that he had already commenced a siege by the somewhat irregular approaches described, and sup-

posing he had in view some purpose of business connected with her occupation as a teacher, suggested to him to call at his house, and see the lady. This he was not slow to do; but she as promptly, through her friend and hostess, declined to receive a call from him, and he had no alternative but to make an ignominious retreat. The next day he issued the following manifesto. I wish your Mr. GRAY could reproduce in type the chirographic beauties of the great original; but even without that relish, I think its perusal will satisfy:

—, June, 184—

'VERY RESPECTED AND AMIABLE STRANGER

'FROM INFORMATION

'MISS ———

'AFTER leaving Mr S.s last Evening and bringing to mind the indifference J was tratd by you after the polite and Gentleman invitation of Mr. S. and was even refused the plasure of seeing seeing part of the family

'Brought me to a serious consideration of who J was and what J had Done that an aimable accomplished himined Lady { Stranger } who as I am informed has all the beste feelings of our nature with the graces of the religion Taught By our blessed REDEEMER

'this being the fact Miss — as J can have no reasonable doubt J request and Beg of you as the hiest favour or Boon that you can bestow on a stranger who may never request and other thought from you J ask it from your noble philanthropy J ask it from you yourself who J cannot believe for a Moment that you would inflict pain to any crature or creature on Earth much less on a fellow being.

'this is the qustion J wish answered whither it wasf rom your own will and volition that you refused to see me last Evening for the reasons assined by Mrs S: that you Did not wish to form any more new acquaintance J cannot consieve any just reasoning in this for J am sure from second hand information that your Pure affeable and friendly fielngs would not refuse your acquaintance to any respectable creditable or Honorable person if J dont come up to this standard in your estimation you have Done what I would have done in your station.

'J am perswaided that you have been missinformed of my carrierier if so J wish to say you that my wish to do to others as J wish They should Do to me J am sure that if you knew me Better that you would Not Spurne or reject my acquaintance as you do as J have always thoughte the more friends the greater enjoyment in social respet if you will take the trouble to inform yourself of my Carrierier J refer you to Dr. M. Mr H. Mr S. judge p. and all the Honorable gentlemen a bout the city of — Miss J must in Candure acknowlege that my feeling are wounded: it there is no decite or folshood or Envy if my Carrecter has been farly and fully represented to you or if at all J would take it a kind favour if J have

been rongfully presented to you by any parson

J soud like to no who thay

are

'for I cannot consieve how J could refuse my acquaintance to anny Person of good Carrectar much Less should J expect from you who J am informed is a modle of curtesy and paliteness J have to say that it is the first time that ever J was refused the acquaintance of any person in this Life Before J am Bond to Contend for my Honor at all rists or hazard

'Oh chase Virgin wife of my youth the Counciller of my middle agen, what



would you say if you were present { But thou art at rest } that the virtuous and good refused my acquaintance thou wold say how thou art fallen, J would say without a cause thou would believe me but others wont they Dont knowm this matter has no interest for you so I subscribe myself your umble Servant

Superscribed, 'Miss —— presents:' with a caution on the reverse against returning the document unopened, in the following terms: 'Miss, you had as well Reade this as if J heare any moore of this matter it may Be publised.' Malice and ignorance aforethought! - - - WE have just been reading a capital editorial in the *Nashville Christian Advocate* upon the subject of 'Obituary Notices;' their tediousness often; their unnecessary minuteness, and wearisome tautology as a general thing; and their main *sameness* every where. In respect of mortuary literature, in this kind, the Baltimore journals bear away the palm; especially the *Baltimore Sun*, which sometimes contains two or three close columns of obituary notices, each one with more or less original verse tacked on at the end. Surely that journal must keep a sepulchral poet 'on tap,' as it were; and verily his office is no sinecure, for some of his 'jobs' are very hard, and his labor must be constant. We wish the *Advocate*, while its 'hand is in,' would take up the kindred subject of elaborate, over-wrought epitaphs—for, like obituaries, the simplest, the briefest, are always the best. The brave Scottish soldier, who was killed in the battle of Waterloo, needed but this short record upon his head-stone:

Alexander McPherson:

KILLED AT WATERLOO.

See what his surviving friends put upon his memorial-tablet instead:

'HERE lies the body of ALEXANDER MCPHERSON:  
He was a most extraordinary person.  
He was slew  
At the Battle of Waterloo:  
He was shot by a bullet  
Right through his gullet:  
The bullet went into his mouth,  
And came out at the back of his neck!'

Now is n't our brief and simple epitaph as good, if not better, than this? Verily, we think so. - - - 'EELS eats good, ef folks on'y knows how to cooks 'em.' This remark we heard made the other day at a sea-side watering-place, by one of the very 'folks' indicated in the category. 'Once we ate an eel,' and it was the only one we ever *did* devour, until the 'other day' afore-said. It was served upon the 'board' of the hospitable 'JOHN WATERS,' than whom no man better understood the refined æsthetics of the table. But this particular eel was a 'Penobscot eel, of a large size, and so disguised by a certain pedantic sauce, of port wine, and other 'ingrediences,' in itself a luxury, that we had eaten, and commended it around the board, before we were made aware by our host of what we had been partaking. But our other-day eel was of the New-York Bay species, of good proportions; broiled a rich *brown*, and not *greasy*; divided into four equal parts upon the central vertebræ, which came off in 'quarter-sections' of white flesh, which was *almost* as sweet and flavorful as that of 'The Speckled' trout. 'Some cannot abide a harmless, ne-

cessary cat;' others don't like eels, because of seeing them, when alive, wriggle, like black-snakes, in market-baskets: but never mind all this. 'Put away prejudice:' while we 'leave off' as we began,' having personally verified the truth of the opening maxim, that 'Eels eats good, ef folks on'y knows how to cooks 'em.' - - - 'H. P. L.' is quite right: he *is* welcome as the flowers in May. 'Do it again:'

Bill Paid!

BILL met fair KERRY in the lane —

A wink,  
Or blink:  
I think

She winked again!

He put his arm around her waist —

A pout!  
No doubt,  
Put out

At such good taste.

Her little hand caught his so quick —

A scratch!  
He'll catch  
His match,

And lose the trick.

Then, with her other hand, she gave —

A cuff!  
That's rough  
Enough,

And showed her brave.

She said: 'I won't!' then held so still —

A Kiss!  
Ah! this  
Sweet bliss

Paid every ill —

Paid BILL!

HENRY P. LELAND.

July 16th, 1860.

In 'Long' and 'Short' metre, this! - - - It seemed to us, as we read '*The Returned Letter*,' that beyond sermons, beyond homilies, beyond elaborate 'lessons,' wherein strained, forced pictures of the blessings of virtue and the evils of vice are depicted; beyond and above all these, were the inculcations of this tender, touching, most pathetic picture:

'How she strives her grief to smother!

Tears fall on the snowy page;

To a daughter writes the mother,

Calls her *home* to cheer her age.

Weary then with looking—longing,

Weeks and weeks pass sadly by;

All the past to memory thronging—

Hoping on, but—no reply.

Till at last there comes a letter!

'*T* is *her own*, she traces there—

Better she had died—far better—

'Gone away, and not known where.'

'From her home across the ocean,

Blotted with repentant tears,

Writes the daughter her emotion—

How she turns to earlier years;

Prays that HEAVEN may bless her mother,

Tells her of her wedded joy:

How she left her for another—  
 Sends the picture of her boy.  
 Then she waits to be forgiven,  
 Till another year has fled;  
 Back *her* letter, torn and riven,  
 Comes—and on it written—'DEAD.'

J. E. G.

Let us 'improve' this occasion, to ask those correspondents who send us long-winded communications, in which the sentiment or narrative is smothered in words, or buried in mere description, to note the brevity and simplicity of these lines, and in future to 'act accordingly,' what time they 'take their pen in hand.' It will be a useful lesson. - - - We ran up to Binghamton, in 'old Broome,' the other evening, by the New-York and Erie Rail-road, landing at the 'Lewis House'—a well-kept, spacious, and pleasant 'hostel,' right 'foraninst' the dépôt—at half-past two in the morning. We had come in one of our neighbor SMITH's superb sleeping-cars, of which the reader has recently heard through these pages: as cool, as dustless, as tireless, as if we had been all the while simply lying down upon a sofa, in a richly-furnished parlor. A good bed—and up, 'before the rest' in the morning, to cross the rail-road bridge before the thin opaque fog had lifted from the Chenango; seeing, and rejoicing in all which we had seen, (except the numerous friends whom we had had the pleasure to make in former forgetless visits,) and reviving within us all our cherished memories of the surrounding scenes and associations. To *our* fancy, as our readers well know, Binghamton was always a lovely, beautifully-situated town: yet since our last brief sojourn therein, how she has improved! The new Episcopal Church, of enduring stone, by the architect of our own Trinity, UPJOHN, is one of the best specimens of a parish-church to be found in all our western diocese: and then, too, the private edifices which have arisen, doing honor to the Taste, and the Opulence which is its hand-maid; the up-grown, out-spread lines of maples and other shade-trees in the residential streets, and the stone and iron banks and stores in the business-thoroughfares; all these were visible changes, visible improvements: but our old friends had not changed, and 'they could n't be improved.' The 'Statesman,' the 'Judge,' and the 'Doctor;' the 'Lawyer,' and the 'Banker;' these, with others, well-remembered, we met, even as aforetime. 'REX., the King,' *he* was not there: at this 'we could not choose but grieve.' Re-visited 'Ch'nang-P'int,' where the Chenango and Susquehanna mingle their beautiful waters. But we 'gossip out of season:' somedele we have to add hereafter: especially something anent a certain Public Institution in the near neighborhood, which not only does honor to our country, but would do honor to any nation in the world. - - - Our 'old-young' friend, (for so we find it necessary to classify some of the *later* of our 'old' correspondents,) CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED—*pseudonym*, 'CARL BENSON'—sends us the following hasteful rhyming 'screed,' as he is about departing for Baden-Baden, after a short visit to his native city. We shall have something to *intimate* of 'CARL,' in our closing 'Historical Editorial Narrative of the KNICKERBOCKER:

'So, GAYLORD, you're crusty, and cutting up rusty,  
 And deem me not acting according to COCKER,  
 'Cause it's ever so long since an essay or song  
 I have con-tri-bu-ted to the old KNICKERBOCKER.

'But just think of the fate which my last did await,  
(In delaying it thus, you were surely a mocker :)  
'Twas two years at least ere it came to the feast  
Of good things set forth in the old KNICKERBOCKER.

'Then you know that my style has much altered the while,  
(And a man without style is a door without knocker,)  
So whate'er I should do, might astonish a 'few'  
A good many readers of old KNICKERBOCKER.

'Some grave maiden lady, in the vale of life shady,  
Might find my neologisms likely to shock her ;  
And crying, 'What slang !' might fling down with a bang  
The scribblings of BENSON, and your KNICKERBOCKER.

'Some pater-familias might deem me a silly ass, ,  
(While poisoning his chair on the tip of its rocker) —  
Say my writings were loose, and you were a goose,  
For putting the same into your KNICKERBOCKER.

'Since I've been cutting capers in those 'sporting papers,'  
The steady ones tell me to go to — Morocco !  
Even canny MACMILLAN has hardly proved willing :  
What *would* be the case, then, with old KNICKERBOCKER ?

'But my journey is nigh, and my ink running dry,  
And my muse, in her flight, finds impediments block her :  
So, CLARK, D. I. O., and I pen, as I go,  
These rhymes of farewell to good old KNICKERBOCKER.

'And once more I will fill a horn of good-will,  
(Although having scarce a shot left in the locker :)  
Live or die, sink or swim, fill it up to the brim :  
A health to our GAYLORD and old KNICKERBOCKER.

*'New-York Hotel, July 18th.*

CARL BENSON.'

'CARL' adds kindly: 'I am sorry to have missed you thrice: I am off for Baden-Baden on Saturday: I *will* write you something before long — an *'Essay on Bohemians,'* probably.' Mr. BRISTED is the author of the entertaining series of papers now publishing in *'Macmillan's Magazine,'* London, entitled, if we remember rightly, *'Reminiscences of American College-Life.'* - - - A BEAUTIFUL and deserved tribute is paid to the accomplished author of *'January and June,'* in the subjoined note to the EDITOR, from a lady-correspondent in Beaufort, South-Carolina:

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.:

'DEAR SIR: How much I thank you for the kind note I have just received in answer to my inquiry for 'January and June.' The book would be very dear to me from associations most sacred. Some years ago, my three sisters and myself were reading an extract from it. The description of a visit to a country church; the feelings were so touchingly described as the writer looked in vain for the faces formerly seen in the choir: 'The Blue Eyes that sung *Alto*, and the Black Eyes that sung 'Corinth,'' (the tune.) We four were together; and I remember how each *attempted* to read the piece aloud, and how our voices failed! Our hearts were full: MEMORY was busy bringing up those who were gone from us forever! In vain would I look for *their* dear faces now in our choir! A little while passed away, and the 'blue eyes' that sang 'alto' in our church left us. Two years ago the other joined her, to learn the 'New Song' in that choir above, which will never break up. Thank God! we shall not miss their voices there!

'My surviving sister and myself were speaking of this extract, and how sacred it would be to us could we see it again: and hearing that the whole had originally been published

in your Magazine, I took the liberty of begging your assistance in getting it for us. Your kindness of manner in writing has led me to tell you of this little incident and the association which would make me so highly appreciate your sending me the book. Wishing the inmates of 'The Little Cottage on the Hudson' every happiness this world can afford, and a home 'unconspicuous and undefiled' when earth and its shadows shall have passed away,

'I am, yours very truly,

S. P. C.'

We shall send a copy of the book. - - - THE following is fully 'up' with any literature of the kind we have inserted of late in our 'TABLE.' Mark the 'rustic simplicity' of: 'Give me a pretty hard letter about his past life, if you have to make it up!' Clear case of 'love-madness,' as old BURTON hath it. Our correspondent knew the party, L—— B——, well:

'S——, August 19th, 1850.

'DEAR FRIEND theas lines i hardly no how to compose them But will comence like this L—— B—— has a wife so i hav hurd and i think that is so he Married a girl by the name of S—— K C—— and she has a sun seven years old to all apereanc he has ben a hard fellow and he has not left it of yet thare is a girl in this town thare will be troubel with if this thing aint none to hur can god look down on his children an se such workes go on an not bring this thing to lite his folkes deny this all but that dont make it so: now if you will rite me all that you can find out about them i wod be oblige to you giv me a prity hard leter about him his past life if you haft to make it up: dont wout you shoold let this be none to L——, will you and i will not let him no eny thing about it you nead not sine eny name to your leter i dont wont to do eny thing to inger him eny way ore shape but this can be cep from him you rite like this that folkes had beter look out for strangers folts profets we no them not: rite me imeadeatley yours truly

'I—— W——, S——, (Vt.)

The 'Schoolmaster' is not 'abroad' thereabout! - - - 'THE SEA' is the title of a fortnightly journal, edited by Rev. C. W. DENISON, designed for the instruction and entertainment of seamen. Judging from the three or four numbers which we have seen, it fulfils its purpose admirably. The editor and proprietor is assisted in his literary labors by his wife, Mrs. M. A. DENISON, a lady of talent, and an attractive writer, as will be seen upon a perusal of '*The Chest with Silver Bands*, in our last number, which was from her prolific pen. - - - WE have fished, with good luck, where our correspondent, 'J. C., who sends us '*Fishing in the Beaver*,' met aforetime with such indifferent success, and so many *désagrémens*:

'MANY a day, in childhood's years,  
Many a day of smiles and tears—  
Tears that fell from cloudy spheres—  
Fished I in the Beaver.

'There, when summer suns were bright,  
And the sun-fish loved to bite,  
Life's young day could know no night,  
Fishing in the Beaver.

'There I caught, with pin-hook neat,  
Sluggish 'pouts' and pickarel fleet;  
There I caught the wettest feet,  
Fishing in the Beaver.

'There I shot the wild-ducks fat;  
There I trapped the sly musk-rat;  
There I spoilt a beaver-hat,  
Fishing in the Beaver.

'There I tried the minks to catch;  
There I saw the minnows hatch;  
There my bare feet oft did scratch,  
Fishing in the Beaver.

'There I learned the boat to row;  
There I learned the spear to throw;  
There a turtle bit my toe,  
Fishing in the Beaver.

'There, where cows in sly lagoons,  
Stood knee-deep o' summer noons,  
There I tore my pantaloons,  
Fishing in the Beaver.

'Mid the nooks I loved so well,  
'Lines' in 'pleasant places' fell;  
Memory there still loves to dwell,  
Fishing in the Beaver.'

We dined on two *Calicoon Trout* this day. - - - We thank 'P. L. Y.' for his sketch of '*Fourth-of-July Eloquence in the Buckeye State*:' but it is over-written—too much spread out. We are glad of one thing, however: for it brought to our mind an incident once mentioned to us by WASHINGTON IRVING, which made us 'laugh consumedly' at the time: but who could *tell* a story like WASHINGTON IRVING? This was it: An old 'Gentleman of the Old School,' a somewhat 'pompious' patriot, (belonging, if we remember rightly, to the order of 'Cincinnati,' or the 'WASHINGTON Benevolent Society,' and decorated with a white satin-ribbon badge, on which was imprinted an engraved likeness of the PATER PATRIE,) was to be called upon, at the end of the regular toasts, to step out upon a balcony of the hotel, where 'Fourth-o'-July' was being celebrated, and address the clamoring crowd. Full of good spirits, good wines, and a good dinner, he *did* so step out; but at first his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth: presently, however, it was loosened, and he spake thus: 'Fellow citizens of Passacack, Nyack, and Kakiack: seventeen hundred and seventy-six years ago, General ——' 'Hold on!' said *one* of his 'fellow-citizens;' 'you do n't mean seventeen hundred and seventy-six years ago; you mean ——' 'Silence!' exclaimed the irate, muddled orator: *I* know what I mean! Fellow-citizens: as I was saying, when this fellow interrupted me: 'Seventeen hundred and seventy-six years ago, General WASHINGTON, whom I wear in my button-hole, died!' A loud and general guffaw, throughout the patriotic assemblage, attested the universal appreciation of his ludicrous and reiterated blunder. We wish the reader could have heard Mr. IRVING *tell* this! - - - A TOWN correspondent writes to the EDITOR: 'I noticed in one of your late numbers that you had opened a column of '*Answers to Correspondents*.' For a number of years I have on the advent of your welcome monthly expected a catastrophe! Be kind enough to inform me when the elderly gentleman on the cover will kick that cat. It is horrible to think of the many years he has had his *left* (Look again! —ED.) leg raised, and has n't done it. Does he refrain because the cat's back is turned toward him, and he does not like to take such an advantage; if so, please turn the cat round. The old gentleman's pipe is evidently broken just where he is holding it. Did the cat break it? You, I know, keep house, therefore I need not remind you how fond cats are of doing such things.' - - - 'In the catalogue of my imagination, friend CLARK,' writes a Darlington (Md.) correspondent, 'are the following works, the amusement of a convalescent, who is just tired and weak enough to laugh heartily at trifles:'

HOGG'S BACON, (with plates.)  
 The Ant, (from the German of UNKEL.)  
 BARREL'S Works, (edited by HOOPER.)  
 The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, with  
 notes, by A. LAMB.  
 YOUTT on the Dog, (PUPP'S Ed.)  
 How to Work, (BEERE.)  
 DRINKS on Credit, (dedicated to the Bar.)  
 FINCH'S Art of Singing, (by A. BIRD.)  
 The Complete Angler, to which is added a  
 Treatise on the Diet of Worms, by  
 FISHER.

BUGG on the Seven Sleepers.  
 HERRING'S Voyage up the Seine.  
 The Mother at Home, (scarce.)  
 CHANDLER on Greece.  
 Lost, (a Chinese Tale.)  
 Also the following medical works.  
 COMBE'S Physiology, by HARE, (in paper.)  
 KUPP on Phlebotomy.  
 Shortness of Breath, and how Caused,  
 U. P. HILL.)  
 FOOTE'S Treatise on Corns.

These are all authentic works! - - - MESSRS. J. T. SMITH AND COMPANY,



Nos. 342 and 344 Broadway, have the most extensive and admirable assortment of *Trunks and Travelling-Bags* that we have ever seen in this metropolis. Every improvement has been availed of: and beauty and security alike regarded. Mr. J. G. CUNNINGHAM, with the firm, has invented and patented a double lock, turned by one key, which fastens both sides of a large travelling-bag, which is as simple as it is admirable: while the bag itself, as a receptacle for rough-and-tumble clothing, or linen fresh from the laundry, cannot be excelled. They have also recently perfected and brought out a *Patent Seamless, Solid Leather Trunk*, which for appearance and durability is superior to any solid leather trunk now in use. What with Trunks, Travelling-Bags, the most elegant Saddles and Harness we ever beheld, the great establishment of MESSRS. SMITH AND COMPANY is one of the positive attractions and curiosities of our city. Twenty minutes' examination will prove all this. - - - TOWNSEND AND COMPANY continue to issue, at regular and brief intervals, their matchless illustrated edition of COOPER's immortal works. The last published, '*The Chain-Bearer*,' is not excelled by any of the volumes which have preceded it. In the beautifully executed illustrations, DARLEY has almost 'exceeded himself.' The type, paper, and printing, being uniform, can only be pronounced *superb*. But the publishers' greatest triumph will be an illustrated work now in press, by a gifted daughter of the great novelist, entitled '*Pages and Pictures from the Works of Fenimore Cooper*.' The engravings in this volume will alone cost over ten thousand dollars! It will be the most costly and the most beautiful centre-table book ever issued in this country. The gem of the illustrations in this splendid work will be the *Portrait of James Fenimore Cooper*, painted by CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, and engraved by MARSHALL. We need only say that the engraver is worthy of the painter, and both have done their best. - - - THE sprightly, spicy, good-naturedly 'biting' weekly illustrated journal, called '*Vanity Fair*,' is now edited by MACE SLOPER, Esq.: known in domestic circles as CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq. His opportunities have been several: and his nature is like unto the nature of a BRICK. Leastways it *seems* so: for Mr. STEVENS, the publisher, he said to Mr. GRAY, in our hearing, 'Print a thousand more this week.' That was the week 'MACE' come in. 'N. S. M. J.' Nuff sed 'mong Gemmen. - - - 'FRANK LESLIE' has commenced the publication in the *Illustrated News* of a novel written by our old friend and correspondent 'JACK BRACE,' entitled '*Marie: a Romance of New-Orleans and the South-West*,' in which the other side of the Octoroon question is presented. Mr. BRYCE is competent to write such a work, having resided in Louisiana for many years. We understand that the narrative will be issued in book-form by Messrs. RUDD AND CARLETON, of our city. - - - A LETTER from a town-correspondent, informs us of the death, at Poughkeepsie, of an old and esteemed friend, Mr. WILLIAM WILSON. The intelligence reaches us at too late a period for farther reference in our present number. We shall endeavor to do justice to the memory of the lamented deceased in our next. - - - Two noble TROUT from the Calicoon, a present from our friend 'GUS. BLESSING,' corner of Ann-street and Broadway, the most artistic of our metropolitan barbers and touseurs, regaled our palate this day. Hence our '*Barber-shop Reminiscences*' in our next.

## Brief Notices of New Publications.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER. By H. A. MONTEITH. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS.—No more shall the student grieve over the irregularities of French verbs, or be puzzled by the eccentricities of gender in German nouns; no more shall the stately Spanish appall him, or the opera libretto be to him a sealed book; for, in six lessons each, the French and German languages shall be mastered, nay, five languages be learned in twenty-seven easy lessons. We can conceive of no shorter road to learning than this, until the way is found to fill a man with 'solid chunks of wisdom,' as turkeys are crammed. Do not suppose, reader, that we doubt the value of the system; for if the lessons are spread over a sufficiently long time, filled up with diligent use of a good dictionary, much reading and more conversation, we do firmly believe one may, with this book, acquire all these languages. The system has been well tried, and is fully indorsed by able scholars. The book will be invaluable to those whose want of time, money, or opportunity forbids the usual mode of studying languages.

THE EBONY IDOL. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.—A not very clever satire upon Abolitionism. The author endeavors to point out the result of agitation in this matter in a fairly told but slightly improbable tale. Opposing her 'one idea' to that she attacks, she makes abolitionism the parent of infidelity and almost all other evils. Hits at women's rights, a description of the reception of a run-away slave, and a tar-and-feather operation, with some spirited illustrations, and special beauty in the getting-up of the work, make a book that is good to read—once.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE: A NOVEL. By WILKIE COLLINS, illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.—An artistic manager, both of plot and language, is WILKIE COLLINS, and this work is not his least interesting one. The thousands who have watched the slow progress of the story in *Harper's Weekly*, and muttered anathemas at the small instalments there given, will welcome this opportunity of reading the whole story continuously.

## New Music.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*The Matinee*,' a choice selection of melodies from the most popular operas, arranged in an easy style, and carefully fingered. '*Pleasant Memories*,' by J. R. THOMAS: an easy ballad, well worth buying and singing. '*What's Trumps*,' by HARRY DIAMOND: a light, lively, semi-comic song. '*I'm True to Thee*,' ballad, by W. V. WALLACE. '*The Coming of the Flowers*,' ballad, W. V. WALLACE: a delightful melody, simple and elegant, accompaniment easy. '*Flowers and Sunshine*,' song, by EDWIN H. PROUT: slightly common-place.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued, '*Forestina Polka*,' by FAUSTINA HASSE HODGES. This writer has never written a bad piece, and this polka bears evidence of the same care that has marked her other productions. '*The Musical Jewel-Box*,' a collection of favorite dances, arranged for four hands, by D. ANGELO. The arrangements are easy, and are figured; very welcome they will be in the long evenings that are coming, when little fingers will gladly play them, and little feet beat a merry response. '*Best Friend Polka*,' by J. H. McNAUGHTON. '*L'Amazone*,' mazurka caprice, by A. W. BERG, an excellent study for octave playing. '*Cot by the Mill*,' song and chorus, by DE GRAND D. BABCOCK. '*Old Honest Abe for me*,' song and chorus, arranged for piano by 'C. D. S.:' a rousing political song, to a well-known air. '*Trotty-horse Polka*,' by J. H. McNAUGHTEN. We have heard this highly praised: it has a fine vignette. '*Were I a Soldier*,' song by G. STIGELLI: a fine, expressive tenor song. '*The Gipsy's Prediction*,' written and composed by ADELAIDE GANNON.